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PERIODICALS DEPARTMENT

EDITORIAL

SOUR GRAPES CAPITALISM

The Federal government's dalliance with the Chrysler Corporation began three years ago as an experiment in "lemon socialism," that bitter fruit of capitalist mismanagement which comes of the public sector's commitment to the worst failures of private enterprise. The relationship has evolved into "sour grapes capitalism," another rancid element in the economic compote, which appears when corporate beneficiaries of public largesse refuse to return the favor.

Deep in the doldrums of 1980 and desperate for cash to expand into the minimotors market, Chrysler begged for a $1.2 billion handout in federally guaranteed notes. Part of the quid pro quo was a pile of stock warrants which gave the government the right to buy 14.4 million Chrysler shares at $13 each—double their value at the time, and hardly a bargain. Now, improved auto sales and a raging bull market make those shares worth more than $26 each. But Chrysler is asking the public treasury to hold its warrants and forgo a profit of $220 million, for the good of the corporation and its shareholders.

All this comes in the midst of Congressional deliberations on the 1984 budget, in which a deficit of $170 billion, more or less, is projected. Instead of fiddling with unpopular tax hikes and program slashes, the government might try to follow its success (on paper) with Chrysler stock and start speculating on the big board in a big way. Thirty billion taken from weapons procurement and put into a portfolio that included Sears, American Express, Woolworth, 3M and G. E. last summer, for example, would be worth more than $60 billion today.

There is no formula for winning in such speculation, but the gamble at least holds the promise of a better return than the public gets from military hardware—providing the promises are kept, and we get the good fruit and not just the bad.

'COLD WAR LIBERALISM'
John B. Judis
David Denby
et al.

Andrew Kopkind

COSTA RICA NEXT?
Marc Edelman

BIG OIL AND DEREGULATION
Fred J. Cook

VIEW FROM HELSINKI
T. M. Pasca

DÖBLIN'S BERLIN: 1918
Anthony Heilbut

S.R.O. PEOPLE
Clancy Sigal

IT'S THE 1930s AGAIN

LABOR SHOULD RETURN TO MILITANCY

SIDNEY LENS

The American labor movement is at a critical juncture, much like the one it reached in 1933. It has lost its momentum and is backtracking on all fronts: it has been unable to arrest the cuts in living standards imposed by the Carter and Reagan Administrations; it has failed to win new pro-labor measures such as national health insurance or to repeal old anti-labor legislation such as the Landrum-Griffin Act; and it is definitely not organizing the unorganized. Its power relative to big business and government is on the wane. The major unions—auto workers, steelworkers, teamsters—are fighting wage decreases, not winning wage increases.

None of this was foreordained. It was, rather, a direct result of the policy of collaborating with management and government that labor's hierarchy adopted during the 1940s as a substitute for the rank-and-file militancy and civil disobedience of the 1930s. And it is inextricably linked to the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s acceptance of the cold war and the arms race.

American working people won their greatest victories in this century through civil disobedience. Labor won the right to bargain collectively because in 1934 longshoremen in San Francisco, warehousemen and truckers in Minneapolis and auto workers in Toledo, Ohio, violated court injunctions and prevented strikebreakers from taking their jobs. It won social reforms and improvements in living standards because in 1936 and 1937 hundreds of thousands of auto workers, rubber workers and others occupied factories and forced the Goliaths of America's mass production industries to bargain

(Continued on Page 634)

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EXCHANGE.

'Cold War Liberalism'

Washington

At times, the American left has suffered from not so much a split as a tripartite personality. In both the late 1940s and late 1960s, the left was divided into three factions: first, Communists (1940s) and Maoists (1960s), trying to remake America according to their imported visions; second, Americans for Democratic Action liberals (1940s) and *Commentary* liberals (1960s), so obsessed with discrediting the Communists and Maoists that they lost sight of their liberalism; and third, progressives (1940s) and radicals (1960s), so preoccupied with defending the Maoists and Communists against the liberals that they permitted the Maoists and Communists to define the left's objectives.

Have we been witnessing a recurrence of this insanity during the late 1970s and early 1980s? In his provocative essay, "The Return of Cold War Liberalism" [*The Nation*, April 23], Andrew Kopkind warns that we are witnessing a reincarnation of the 1940s liberals. Kopkind believes that members of today's left have been driven by "pressure from both neoconservatives and the right" to adopt a posture toward parts of the left similar to that adopted by Arthur Schlesinger Jr. and Reinhold Niebuhr toward the Communist left of the 1940s. And he warns that just as the cold war liberals of the 1940s helped destroy the larger left, today's cold warriors could wreak havoc on the fledgling antinuclear movement.

In describing this trend, Kopkind lumps newspapers and television networks together with individual writers, and centrists (Marvin and Bernard Kalb) with socialists. *The New York Times Magazine* and CBS news have shown some signs of picking on the left. But their apostasy or that of the Kalbs is both predictable and, as a parallel to that of the Schlesingers and Niebuhrs, historically uninteresting.

Kopkind's case becomes interesting when it is applied to writers of the left like Irving Howe, Susan Sontag, Ronald Radosh, David Horowitz and Peter Collier, whom Kopkind accuses of viewing the Soviet Union as a "pariah state," failing to appreciate the contributions of 1960s groups like the Weathermen, singling out pro-Soviet organizations for abuse and exclusion and dredging up real or imagined Communist conspiracies from the 1940s and 1950s in order to discredit today's left.

But are those writers the equivalent of cold war liberals? I would certainly never defend everything written by them, but I would make two points about them and those like them: first, the cause of their re-evaluation of the Soviet Union and American left history has not been pressure from the right; and second, this process of re-evaluation is, on the whole, positive. Far from destroying or discrediting the left, it may rescue it from those who, in the name of today's version of radicalism, want to ignore the past and present failures of the left.

This re-evaluation of the Soviet Union and left history has taken place because of a combination of factors. During the Vietnam War, many American leftists ignored the Soviet Union. Some took the attitude that my enemy's enemy is my friend; others believed that whatever evils the Soviet Union was guilty of paled before those perpetrated by the United States in Vietnam. In any case, the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia had little impact within the antiwar movement.

After the war was over, many leftists turned their gaze toward the Soviet Union and other Communist states. What they saw was not pleasant, beginning with the Khmer Rouge's genocide and the Vietnamese boat people, and ending with the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan and the Polish coup.

The Soviet Union has never been a democracy, and since the 1930s its foreign policy has been based on nationalistic considerations rather than on some version of proletarian internationalism. As a result, the Soviet Union has disappointed each succeeding generation of leftists who believe that it holds aloft the original torch of Marxian socialism. But the 1970s were particularly disillusioning.

By the 1970s, the Soviet Union had become the military equal of the United States. Its policies could no longer be explained as predictable responses to capitalist encirclement. In the Third World, the Soviet Union adopted a more aggressive policy. Some of its adventures were defensible; others, like its aid to Ethiopia's Mengistu, were not. And fearful of any challenge on its borders, the Soviet Union clamped down on dissidents in Czechoslovakia, invaded Afghanistan and encouraged the Polish coup.

Solely in the light of these events, Brezhnev and Jaruzelski have had far more to do with changing attitudes on the left than Norman Podhoretz or Howard Phillips. When American leftists heard of dissidents being incarcerated in psychiatric prisons or when they listened to Soviet denunciations of the "counterrevolutionary" Solidarity movement, they turned against the Soviet Union.

In my opinion, this change in the American left's view of the Soviet Union, which is typified by the writers Kopkind attacks, is a healthy development. I don't think Sontag is correct in calling the Soviet Union fascist, but I agree even less with those on the left who believe that its system is a variant of Marxian socialism. The sorry fact is that the Soviet Union has become a "pariah state." It is as much a threat to freedom as the United States is, and the sooner the left realizes that the better. Sontag has at least asked the right question. Let others come forth with better answers.

I don't agree with the tactical conclusions Radosh draws from his analysis of pro-Soviet groups in the U.S. peace movement. Excluding groups with links to the Soviet Union would lead to endless wrangling and possibly the suppression of needed discussion. But Radosh—and E.P. Thompson—are correct in this respect: a peace movement that is unwilling to go on record against the Soviet SS-20s as well as the cruise and Pershing missiles will make little moral or political headway in America and Western Europe. If placing the movement in opposition to the SS-20s—or the Polish coup—drives out the pro-Soviet organizations, then so be it.

Kopkind makes a similar error in his analysis of the cold war liberals of the late 1940s. His analysis rests on a crucial ambiguity in the use of the word "left." Kopkind writes, "Cold war liberalism's pre-eminent occupation—and its primary target—was the American left, and it succeeded mightily in its destructive work."

The sentence is correct if Kopkind equates the left with the American Communist Party and its supporters. They *were* the primary targets of the cold war liberals, and the liberals did help to destroy them. But that contention is uninteresting and hardly shocking unless one is a supporter of the Communists. What Kopkind also appears to be saying is that by targeting the Communists, the cold war liberals also destroyed the larger left of which the Communists were only a part. That is a more interesting claim, but it is at least partly false.

Liberals like Arthur Schlesinger Jr. did contribute to the decline of the larger left by combining their rejection of Communism with a rejection of democratic socialism. But cold war liberals can hardly shoulder all the blame for wrecking the larger left. Certainly the Communists—by following the Soviet Union into every crevice and by encouraging Americans to identify socialism with Stalin's tyranny—must share at least half the blame, if not more. And once one recognizes this, what is the point of the historical analogy? Perhaps it is that in the present, the left must guard against both antisocialist and anti-Communist liberals and leftists who, like the Communists, adopt an uncritical posture toward the Soviet Union and other Communist states.

There is another way to put this. As Kopkind acknowledges, the cold war liberals on the left have not accompanied their changed attitude toward the Soviet Union with a change in their attitude toward domestic reform. They remain democratic socialists. For Kopkind, this is scant consolation. But as far as I am concerned, it can make all the difference.

What is needed in the United States is pre-

(Continued on Page 637)

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CONTENTS.

Volume 236, Number 20

EXCHANGE
624

EDITORIALS
623 Sour Grapes Capitalism
625 *Contra* Reagan
626 Costa Rica Next? *Marc Edelman*
627 AIDS Neglect *Richard Kaye*
628 *Dispatches* *Kai Bird and Max Holland*

ARTICLES
623 It's the 1930s Again: Labor Should Return to Militancy *Sidney Lens*
630 The Energy Establishment: Big Oil's Stake in Deregulation *Fred J. Cook*
632 The View From Helsinki: "Finlandization" and the Finns *T. M. Pasca*

BOOKS & THE ARTS
642 Döblin: A People Betrayed: November 1918: A German Revolution *Anthony Heilbut*
644 Mitchell, ed. and trans.: The Selected Poetry of Rainer Maria Rilke *Rika Lesser*
646 Hamburger: All the Lonely People: Life in a Single Room Occupancy Hotel *Clancy Sigal*
648 After a Visit (poem) *J. D. McClatchy*
648 Films *Anna Shapiro*
649 Theater *Richard Gilman*

Drawings by M. G. Lord

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EDITORIALS.

Contra Reagan

The force of "freedom fighters," in President Reagan's numbing nomenclature, is multiplying on Nicaragua's borders to the north and south. The Costa Rican frontier, as Marc Edelman points out in the following editorial, is breached daily by incursions of U.S.-backed guerrillas. Although Reagan once assured Congress that fewer than 1,000 anti-Sandinists were under arms, their number now is closer to 7,000.

Furnished with American weapons, transported in American helicopters, featured on American television news and encouraged in their invasion by American advice and consent, the *contras* (a term which accurately evokes their mission) seem determined to hound the revolutionary government in Managua to the point of critical instability, when a regime more suitable to U.S. tastes could be installed.

But the future of the Nicaraguan counterrevolution may be determined most of all by the actions of the U.S. Congress. Money and moral support for Reagan's "dirty war" may be vetoed or voted according to the courage or complaisance of the members. So far, the course is far from clear. One House committee wants to withhold covert aid, but would agree to *overt* aid to the *contras.* A Senate committee would settle for a little oversight on the President's war making. The most effective restrictions may come out of House hearings this week, under the chairmanship of Georgia's Wyche Fowler Jr. He favors prior restraints on all covert action—anywhere. Members who vote for that would have a right to call themselves freedom fighters—against that *contra* in the White House.

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Costa Rica Next?

In contrast to the Honduran-Nicaraguan border, the scene of much fighting this year, the Costa Rican-Nicaraguan frontier has been relatively quiet. But that tranquillity is deceptive. Anti-Sandinist *contras* have opened a second front from bases in northern Costa Rica.

Estimates in the Costa Rican press put the number of *contras* there at anywhere from 500 to more than 2,000. Although they have launched sporadic attacks on Nicaraguan border posts since 1981, recently there have been indications that they are stepping up their activities, and on March 21 the Costa Rican Security Ministry declared a state of alert for all Civil Guard forces along the country's border with Nicaragua.

As early as mid-January it was reported that anti-Sandinists were using helicopters to fly supplies to their camps, thereby avoiding Civil Guard roadblocks. In the first week of April, Interior Ministry officials announced the capture of a U.S.-made helicopter with its pilot, a deserter from the Nicaraguan Air Force, and a Miskito Indian dissident. Nearby was found an arms cache, probably destined for a jungle camp. In the past two months, the Nicaraguan border hamlet of Fátima has been attacked three times by anti-Sandinists, and several raids have been staged against other frontier villages. On April 19 the Honduran-based radio station of the Central Intelligence Agency-backed Nicaraguan Democratic Force (F.D.N.) announced that F.D.N. troops were beginning to fight on the "southern front."

Reports in the U.S. press have erroneously suggested that the armed opponents of the Sandinist government are divided politically and geographically, with ex-Somoza guardsmen operating out of Honduras and former Sandinist leader Edén Pastora Gómez's Democratic Revolutionary Alliance (ARDE) centered in Costa Rica. Actually, forces loyal to Somoza have also been active on the Costa Rican side of the border since July 1979, when the deposed dictator fled the country, abandoning the elite troops that defended Nicaragua's southern frontier against the Sandinists.

Pastora's more democratically minded faction is probably not the largest anti-Sandinist group in Costa Rica. That is believed to be the Nicaraguan Revolutionary Armed Forces (FARN), led by Fernando (El Negro) Chamorro Rappacioli, which numbers both pro-Somoza elements and former Sandinists. In March the FARN allied itself with the F.D.N., which is leading the invasion of Nicaragua from Honduras. That merger, and Pastora's April 15 "declaration of war" against the Nicaraguan government, suggest that an agreement between these politically disparate forces on the tactical necessity of opening a southern front may be in the works. A representative of ARDE was quoted recently in Costa Rica's English-language newspaper, *The Tico Times*, as saying that "politically there are very good relations between ARDE and the FDN."

In the past year Costa Rican forces have discovered more than twenty training camps used by anti-Sandinists in the northern part of the country, many of them capable of housing 200 or more men. By the time the guardsmen arrived at the camps, most of their occupants had fled, having been tipped off by local landowners or—in two cases—by sympathizers in the Costa Rican security forces. In spite of Pastora's claim that he is not involved in military activities in Costa Rica, several of those detained in January and March raids on clandestine *contra* camps identified themselves as members of his organization.

Although sympathetic with the anti-Sandinists' political aims, the Costa Rican government fears that their use of its territory as a base for attacks on Nicaragua could involve Costa Rica in a major war. As a result, the government has acted to hamper their operations in various ways: it has made it more difficult for them to obtain supplies and has expelled Chamorro and Pastora. But while Honduras remains the center of *contra* military activity, Costa Rica, the only country in the region with well-established democratic credentials, plays a key political role. F.D.N. leaders frequently make proclamations to the international press from Costa Rica rather than Honduras, in hopes that the democratic setting will give them greater political legitimacy.

In February, Costa Rica dedicated a small naval base on the Pacific, a few miles south of the Nicaraguan border, that is intended to improve "national security." The government plans to construct a transisthmian oil pipeline across the north; the project will provide much-needed foreign exchange and will increase the strategic significance of the northern region, which has a large population of Nicaraguan immigrants and where the extremes of wealth and poverty are marked. The government is building radio repeater towers so that border residents will be able to listen to Costa Rican broadcasts in addition to Nicaraguan stations, which it accuses of spreading "subversive" ideas among the peasants.

The world economic crisis has widened the gap between rich and poor in Costa Rica and led the government to take steps toward militarization. In November, for example, it organized a 10,000-man reserve militia called OPEN (Organization for National Emergencies). Former Security Minister Juan Echeverría has charged that OPEN, which admits only those of "proven democratic creed," is actually a "paramilitary ideological organization."

Negotiators at the bilateral discussions between Costa Rica and Nicaragua, which resumed in early April after a hiatus of several months, may yet find ways of diminishing tensions along the border. These talks will not be successful, however, unless *contra* bases in northern Costa Rica are eliminated. Now that anti-Sandinist forces along the country's northern border are gearing up for war, Costa Rica too could be dragged into the widening conflict in Central America.

MARC EDELMAN

Marc Edelman is a doctoral candidate in the Columbia University department of anthropology. He did field research for his dissertation in northern Costa Rica from 1980 to 1982.

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AIDS Neglect

The attention currently being given to AIDS (Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome) by the media was a long time coming, and for those who want a clear-eyed view of the disease, the stories are something of a mixed blessing. Both *Newsweek*'s April 18 cover article and the recent spate of television coverage adopted a highly moralistic tone about the lives of AIDS victims, most of whom are homosexuals. (Although it has been established that AIDS can be sexually transmitted, the cause of the disease remains a mystery.) But more disturbing than the mainstream media's fascination with what *Newsweek* called the "fast-lane" aspects of gay life is its late awakening to a disease that was first identified two years ago. As gay organizations have pointed out, toxic shock syndrome and Legionnaires' disease drew press attention almost immediately, although more people have died from AIDS than from both of those diseases combined. Only when AIDS moved outside the groups initially affected—gay men, Haitians and drug abusers—was the popular press aroused.

AIDS, a breakdown of the body's immune system which increases susceptibility to certain kinds of cancer and other illnesses, is now showing up in hemophiliacs and in children. Still, AIDS and Kaposi's sarcoma, a cancer that is frequently found in AIDS victims, have been labeled "gay diseases." The irony for homosexuals is an excruciating one: at a time when gay activists' efforts to eradicate the medical model that stigmatized homosexuals as ill have largely been successful, an actual illness has developed which has killed more than 600 gay men and debilitated hundreds more.

What the belated response to AIDS makes clear is that, however far the gay movement has come in eliminating the view that homosexuality is an illness, the political power of homosexuals is still negligible. What else is one to conclude from the lethargic response of the politicians responsible for research funding? For more than a year, the gay press and gay activists have insisted that AIDS is more than a minor health problem affecting only "promiscuous" homosexuals. In fact, gay medical writers have long speculated that frequent sexual activity is not a necessary condition for contracting AIDS—a theory which would seem to be confirmed by evidence that AIDS is caused by a virus. If that is so, then homosexuals, Haitians and drug abusers may have simply been the first groups to develop the disease.

Physicians, working largely with gay volunteers, have until recently been fighting a solitary battle both to care for AIDS victims and to educate gays and nongays about the illness. So long as AIDS was known as "the gay plague," physicians' requests for research funds were in vain. Even today, with *Newsweek* suggesting that AIDS may be "the public health threat of the century," and Representative Ted Weiss of New York describing it as the greatest health crisis since polio, Congress has specifically earmarked only $2.5 million for research, a minuscule sum in view of how little is known about the disease. Of its $261 million annual budget, the Centers for Disease Control in Atlanta has set aside only $4.2 million for tracking down AIDS cases.

Dr. James Curran, chief of the centers' AIDS task force, recently acknowledged to *The New York Native* that the sum slated for research was small, but pointed out that the National Institutes of Health, with its annual budget of $4 billion, is the appropriate source of funds. The federally funded N.I.H., which finances research at universities and hospitals and which often gives grants of more than $1 million to a single project, has so far issued only $378,000 to physicians investigating AIDS; $245,000 was allocated only this month. In short, not one university or medical center has received a major grant from N.I.H. for AIDS research, though, according to N.I.H., six grants are upcoming for 1983. "This epidemic," Dr. Marcus Conant of the University of California at San Francisco Medical Center told *The Native*, "is going right through the roof. Its growth curve is not linear—it's exponential. The federal government is doing almost nothing to support us. Researchers in San Francisco, New York, Los Angeles, and all over are basically winging it on their own."

To make matters worse, the Reagan Administration's proposed budget cuts threaten to decrease the amount of money available for future research. In the fiscal 1982 budget, the Centers for Disease Control's funding was trimmed by nearly 20 percent, and neither the 1983 nor the proposed 1984 budget restored what was cut. The President also has proposed a reduction of $25 million in appropriations for research grants by N.I.H., further frustrating attempts to get AIDS money from the institutes. Even if numerous talented scientists were vying for the honor of being the Jonas Salk of Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome, their research would be stalled by lack of funds. And the efforts of gay doctors to provide care for those already sick as well as to disseminate information have also been hampered by lack of money.

But the AIDS crisis requires much more than lobbying for money for research and treatment. Gay men who contract the disease are still portrayed by the press as being responsible for their illness. An article in *The New York Times Magazine* remarked that nonhomosexuals with AIDS are "innocent bystanders in the path of a new disease"—implying, of course, that homosexuals with AIDS are not so innocent. From this reasoning it is a short step to the newly formed Dallas Doctors Against AIDS, which is working toward the criminalization of homosexual activity on the grounds that it spreads AIDS and other diseases.

Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome is a major health hazard, and it deserves sustained attention not only from the medical establishment but from the national media and those with political leverage in Washington. Medical researchers hope that the knowledge they gain about AIDS will provide insights into the body's biochemical and immunological processes. But the lesson to be learned right now from the AIDS epidemic is that old prejudices hang on with a daunting stubbornness, and in this case the victims have been doubly victimized.

RICHARD KAYE

Richard Kaye is The Nation*'s assistant literary editor.*

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DISPATCHES.

■ THAILAND: A Royal Division

Last year the 55-year-old American-born King of Thailand, Bhumibol Adulyadej, almost died of pneumonia. Although he has recuperated, his illness accentuated an ongoing dispute in the royal family over the politically sensitive issue of succession. There are two possible heirs: the flamboyant Crown Prince Wachiralongkon, who is supported by Queen Sirikit, and Crown Princess Sirinthorn, championed by the King.

The Australian-educated Wachiralongkon has never fit the mold of an heir apparent—that is, one who shows concern for the public weal while maintaining an air of royal aloofness. Apocryphal stories about his escapades constantly circulate in Bangkok. He is held in such disrepute that these stories, such as one about the suicide of a royal servant who allegedly killed himself after the Prince touched him on the head with his foot while disembarking from a helicopter (the foot is considered defiled in Thailand), are widely believed.

By contrast, the King's second daughter, Princess Sirinthorn, is a model of propriety. Educated in Thailand, she has assiduously courted the public's favor. Two years ago, in a move calculated to send a message to his errant son, the King persuaded Parliament to break with precedent and designate Sirinthorn Crown Princess. (The King's eldest daughter is ineligible for the title because she married a foreigner.) Upon assuming her new title, Sirinthorn eagerly plunged into the ribbon-cutting and other ceremonial duties her brother disdains.

According to two sources in Bangkok, Wachiralongkon said he would consider abdication—if he was paid a handsome share of the family fortune. An argument erupted, the upshot of which was that the Prince was asked to leave the country. He is currently enrolled in a U.S. Air Force flight-training school in Arizona.

The local press, which never publishes stories critical of the monarchy, provided an oblique explanation for Wachiralongkon's departure by reporting the recent death of a palace guard. Wachiralongkon's detractors, who hold the Prince in some way responsible for the death of the guard, note that Princess Sirinthorn made a public visit to the Buddhist temple in the Ban Kaen district of Bangkok where the guard had been cremated.

The dispute over succession remains unresolved, but the royal conflict has taken its toll on the monarchy's heretofore sacrosanct image. Shortly before last month's parliamentary elections, won by a coalition of parties aligned against the influential military establishment, a Buddhist monk and political activist, Anant Senakhan, astounded a Bangkok rally by making disparaging remarks about the monarchy. He was promptly arrested.

■ GHANA: Calling in the C.I.A.

Ghana's ruler, Flight Lieut. Jerry J. Rawlings, is in trouble. The nation's economy is a mess. Food supplies were already stretched when the country suddenly had to absorb an estimated 900,000 of its citizens who were expelled from Nigeria earlier this year. Prices on the world market for Ghana's major export, cocoa, have slumped, and foreign aid has slowed to a trickle.

Since he staged his second successful coup on December 31, 1981, Rawlings has, in turn, survived three coup attempts, the most recent on February 27. In response, he has imported Libyan internal security advisers and set up a network of People's Defence Committees, which have greatly bolstered his regime. The coup that last brought him to power required only fourteen plotters and a handful of soldiers; today, a countercoup would have to overcome hundreds of well-organized P.D.C. cadres.

Still, Rawlings is nervous. In recent months he has charged that the Central Intelligence Agency is behind the groups seeking to overthrow him. Last month, Rawlings's national security adviser, Capt. Kojo Tsikata, produced what he claimed was a memorandum prepared by the West German Embassy detailing C.I.A. activities in Ghana. The memorandum, allegedly based on a conversation between the U.S. Ambassador to Ghana, Thomas W.M. Smith, and the German ambassador, reports that Washington is seeking to replace Rawlings with a "pragmatic sort of military junta." Smith is described as still being unhappy about the C.I.A.'s failure to predict Rawlings's second coup (the agency's station chief was on vacation in the Ivory Coast at the time) and angry that it hasn't yet overthrown him. As a result, the German ambassador says:

> The U.S. Ambassador—thinking he can no more rely on the CIA—is now taking his own steps. Like all his colleagues Smith visits Lome [Togo] regularly where he meets leaders of the "CAMPAIGN" [the Campaign for Democracy in Ghana, an anti-Rawlings exile group based in neighboring Togo].

It is unusual for a U.S. ambassador to bypass his C.I.A. station chief; normally it is the other way around.

The West German memorandum may well be a forgery, but the efforts to oust Rawlings are real. Togo's dictator, President Gnassingbe Eyadéma, has made his country a haven for Ghanaian dissidents. The Togo leader, whose hide was saved by the C.I.A. in 1977 when it tipped him off to a coup attempt, recently appointed a former minister, Koffi Voule-Frititi, to oversee Ghanaian exile activities from the President's office. "Africa Confidential," a London-based newsletter, reports that Voule-Frititi "assists dissident Ghanaian officers and politicians in their attempts to destabilize the Rawlings regime."

■ NIGER: Uranium Bust

For some years, Col. Seyni Kountche, Niger's President, who seized power from a civilian government in 1974, had the political good fortune to preside over a uranium boom. Uranium is Niger's leading export. From 1974 to 1981, its price rose from $18 per kilogram to $81.50 per kilogram. Millions of dollars poured into the Kountche government's coffers. The capital, Niamey, was transformed from a small town of mud and thatch huts into a city of imposing government ministries and luxury hotels.

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KAI BIRD AND MAX HOLLAND

Two years ago the market collapsed, and Niger's uranium now costs more to mine than it can be sold for on the world market. The mines are kept open by subsidies from France, which wants to assure dependable supplies of uranium for its nuclear weapons and nuclear power industries.

Inevitably, the bust brought political unrest in its wake. In January, to make himself a less visible target politically, President Kountche named a Prime Minister—his first since the 1974 coup—appointing S.E. Oumarou Mamane, an obscure civil servant from a minor eastern tribe. Today, stories on the daily doings and pronouncements of Mamane dominate the front page of the government-controlled newspaper, *Le Sahel*, while Kountche remains in the background.

But Kountche's military colleagues are unhappy with Mamane's appointment. The members of the Supreme Military Council (whose names are kept secret) were reportedly angered by the President's failure to consult them before making his decision. And the Niamey marketplace is buzzing about the arrest (unreported in the local press) of the city's Prefet (mayor), Adamou Harouna,, in early February, for criticizing the new Prime Minister at a social gathering. Harouna is a military officer, and his arrest is sure to result in more hard feelings toward Kountche.

This is not to suggest that Kountche is on his way out. The latest C.I.A. assessment paints a rosy picture of his prospects—but then so did the C.I.A.'s 1974 report on the man he ousted.

■ MIDDLE EAST: Sartawi's Heirs

Israeli reporters are among the most aggressive practitioners of the *Front Page* style of journalism. So when news of the assassination of Palestinian nationalist Dr. Issam Sartawi came clacking over the teletype machines in Tel Aviv on April 10, they instinctively sought out a local angle, racing to interview one of Sartawi's counterparts, Israeli dove Gen. Matti Peled.

Shocked and saddened but not surprised, Peled dutifully gave reporters the quotes they wanted. He then called Mrs. Sartawi in Paris, to offer his condolences. Unfortunately, she hadn't heard about her husband's murder. In a way, it was fitting that Peled was the one to break the news. For Peled and Sartawi were alike in that each had defied prevailing opinion in his respective society by daring to recognize "the other."

About 1,000 mourners attended the state funeral for Sartawi in Amman, Jordon. At a commemorative ceremony afterward, high-ranking P.L.O. officials, including Khalil al-Wazir (Abu Jihad), Yasir Arafat's second in command, agreed in the presence of more than 200 guests that contacts with Israeli peace activists would continue.

Only this February, at the P.L.O. leadership meeting in Algiers, Sartawi had derided these same officials. After hearing them boast of the Palestinians' "great victory" in Beirut, he remarked sarcastically, "After another victory like this one, we'll be holding our next council meeting in the Fiji Islands." His remark was delivered to an audience of reporters, however. Arafat had denied him the floor during the meeting—giving Arafat and Shimon Peres, who prevented Sartawi from addressing the Socialist International last month, something in common other than a homeland.

Perhaps to find Sartawi's legitimate political heirs, one must look outside the ranks of Al Fatah. In early April, a group of thirty-five Arab intellectuals and activists met in Tunis for three days to analyze the Arab debacle in Lebanon. Hisham Sharabi, an American professor who participated in the meeting, told the Palestinian newspaper *Al Fajr* that the group believed "talking in slogans of apocalyptic change won't do. Nor will a utopian transformation." What is needed, he said, is the democratization of Arab institutions and society—"democratic freedoms, freedom of speech and social justice."

Similar criticisms have been aired in the past, most notably by the Syrian political philosopher Sadik Al-Azm. His books, which include *Self-Criticism After the Defeat*, published after the June 1967 war, have provoked vociferous debate throughout the Arab world—and have made Al-Azm something of a pariah in the Arab establishment.

If a new round of Arab self-examination is in the offing, it may be due in part to the fact that the largest public demonstration in the Middle East against the invasion of Lebanon occurred in a Tel Aviv square.

■ UPDATE: Korean Strikers

Last November, "Dispatches" reported on a walkout at the Wonpoong Textile Company in Seoul, site of the last democratic union in South Korea. About 200 strikers were protesting the union-busting tactics of both the parent firm, the Kukje Corporation, and the government.

After holding out for more than four months, the workers announced an end to their strike in February—eliminating all hopes for an independent labor movement in the country. The strikers—most of them female—have been placed on a nationwide blacklist, and several of their leaders received prison sentences of up to a year. Others are still awaiting trial.

In a last act of defiance, the workers have called for a continuation of their boycott against Kukje, one of the world's largest footwear manufacturers.

THE BUCK REPORT

The story "The Curse of the Buck Bucks," by Peg Brickley and Fred Powledge, which appeared in our May 14 issue, was adapted from a longer report by the same authors published by the Nation Institute. For a copy of this report, "The Buck Bequest," send $5 to The Nation Institute, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

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ARTICLES.

THE ENERGY ESTABLISHMENT

Big Oil's Stake In Deregulation

FRED J. COOK

The Energy Establishment—a close network of the big oil companies, the large banks and the major pipeline companies—has thrown its support behind President Reagan's bill decontrolling all natural gas prices. Restore the "free market," its public relations organs tell the public, and America will enter a new era of low prices and abundant supplies.

One such champion of justice for the consumer is C.C. Garvin Jr., chairman of the board of Exxon, the struggling oil giant which in the worst of quarters earns an average profit of a mere $1 billion. Garvin led off the spring issue of *The Lamp*, the magazine that goes to every Exxon stockholder, with a two-page essay entitled "The Illogic of Natural Gas Price Controls." He wrote:

> For almost thirty years now, a commodity of great value to individual consumers and to entire industries has been regulated at prices below those of competitive fuels [meaning oil]. It makes little sense that this should continue indefinitely.

Instead, "*all*" (Garvin's emphasis) natural gas should be allowed "to achieve market levels during the next few years." According to Garvin, this upward price achievement would encourage the search for new energy supplies and discourage the improvident from wasting precious fuel. "Experience and logic have shown that we were wise to remove oil price controls," he concluded, predicting the same beneficial results from natural gas decontrol.

Actually, the oil companies support the Reagan proposal because it will enable them to extract billions of dollars from consumers and will give the Energy Establishment a monopoly. Decontrol will push up natural gas prices and drive out independent producers, leaving Big Oil and its allies to roll like spring colts in the deep green. More than $50 billion in additional annual revenues—possibly as much as $100 billion—will be theirs if Reagan's bill passes.

To understand the dominance the Energy Establishment now exercises over the nation's natural gas market, one could do no better than to study the brief filed on August 26, 1982, with the Federal Energy Regulatory Commission (F.E.R.C.) by the New England Community Action Program Directors Association, the Consumers' Education and Protection Association, the Office of Consumers' Council for the State of Ohio and the Public Advocate Division of the Public Service Commission of West Virginia.

Relying on evidence gathered by the Federal Power Commission, the brief shows that in the late 1960s and early 1970s, the largest U.S. oil companies either acquired or entered into partnership with the leading gas pipeline companies. As the brief declares, "The fact that all major interstate pipelines have producing affiliates is one of the critical factors undermining the potential for competitive interplay in the gas producer market."

The same web of companies that dominates the interstate gas market also controls the key intrastate market. The Natural Gas Act of 1938, which kept prices stable until the 1970s, only regulated interstate prices. Producers took advantage of this opening and raised prices in the intrastate market. In the bitter winter of 1976-77, they withheld their gas from the interstate market, creating a scarcity and throwing 2 million people out of work in the Midwest. The effect of this power play was to drive up interstate prices. In 1978, Congress passed the Natural Gas Policy Act (NGPA), which phases out controls on "new gas" by the end of 1985. "Old gas" (gas from wells in production before the act was passed) was not decontrolled, but the act brought the Energy Establishment a step closer to its goal of completely unregulated prices.

The brief filed with the F.E.R.C. gives a lineup of the companies behind this power play. An eleven-page table lists producers who own intrastate pipeline companies that also sell gas on the interstate market. According to the brief:

> Such majors as Exxon (Monterey Pipeline), Continental Oil, Texaco and Phillips Petroleum have major intrastate pipeline networks. One of the practices used by the major producers during the 1970s was to bid up prices in the intrastate market for the purchases for their intrastate pipeline system, then use these prices as evidence before the F.P.C. [Federal Power Commission] of going price levels in the intrastate market that had to be met to attract gas for emergency sales in the interstate market [a reference to the situation in 1976-77, when cold weather created an exceptionally high demand for gas].

Another table shows numerous direct links between producers and pipeline companies—in this instance, companies involved in offshore leasing operations. In almost every case, the oil company was a partner of one or more of the major pipeline firms. For example, Atlantic-Richfield held ninety-four leases in partnership with other major oil firms and two pipeline companies, Tenneco and El Paso. Tenneco was a partner of Cities Service in seven of its leases. Continental held eight leases in partnership with Tenneco and two with Southern Natural, which was also a partner of Phillips Petroleum, Getty, Amoco and Kerr-McGee.

The oil and pipeline companies also formed "interlocks" with large banks; more than eighty directors of the banks served as directors of two or more oil companies. As a table in the brief shows:

> On Exxon's board, there were members from Chase Manhattan, Citibank, and the First National Bank of Chicago. On Mobil's board, there were members from Citibank (also Exxon), First National Bank of Boston, and Bankers Trust. Standard of Indiana (Amoco) had members on its board

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from Chase Manhattan (also Exxon), First National Bank of Chicago, Continental Illinois, Harris Trust and American National Bank (Chicago).

These links between Big Oil and Big Money, the brief says, "raise serious questions about competitive performance. Would these financial institutions freely provide capital to an existing or potential competitor if the capital would adversely affect the firms in which the banks have an interest?"

Certainly the banking-oil interlocks put billions of dollars at the disposal of the oil companies. Morgan Guaranty Trust, for example, had director interlocks with Louisiana Land and Exploration, Belco Petroleum, Texas Gulf Sulphur (in which it also held a substantial financial interest), Continental Oil, Cities Service, Atlantic-Richfield and Columbia Gas System. The bank also had large holdings in Texas Eastern Transmission, Panhandle Eastern Pipeline and numerous gas distribution utilities. In addition to its connections with Exxon and Amoco, Chase Manhattan owned 5.6 percent of the common stock of Panhandle Eastern Pipeline. Other banks mentioned in the brief had similar interlocking ties with various producing and transporting companies.

David Schwartz, assistant chief at the Office of Economics in the Federal Power Commission (which was abolished in 1978, when its powers were transferred to the new Department of Energy), explained the significance of what he called an "extensive web" of influence, in testimony before a House committee on March 21, 1975:

> The evidence presented on both the buying side and the selling side of the natural gas producer market reflects serious market imperfections that are so all-pervasive that they render competition unworkable. The various institutional arrangements reflecting interdependence and commonality of interests preclude rivalry and competitive interplay. The implications for competition and new entry, as well as reasonable prices, are clear in that the public interest cannot be served by deregulation in a market manifesting these oligopolistic characteristics.

The oligopoly dominated the natural gas market in the 1970s and drove up unregulated intrastate prices from 63 cents per thousand cubic feet in 1972 to $1.40 per thousand cubic feet in 1975. In that same period, the controlled price of interstate gas rose from 29 cents to 57 cents. The oligopoly members' contempt for the national interest was evident when they capped their wells in 1976 and 1977. The producers got part of what they wanted in the 1978 NGPA—the provision for gradual decontrol of new gas.

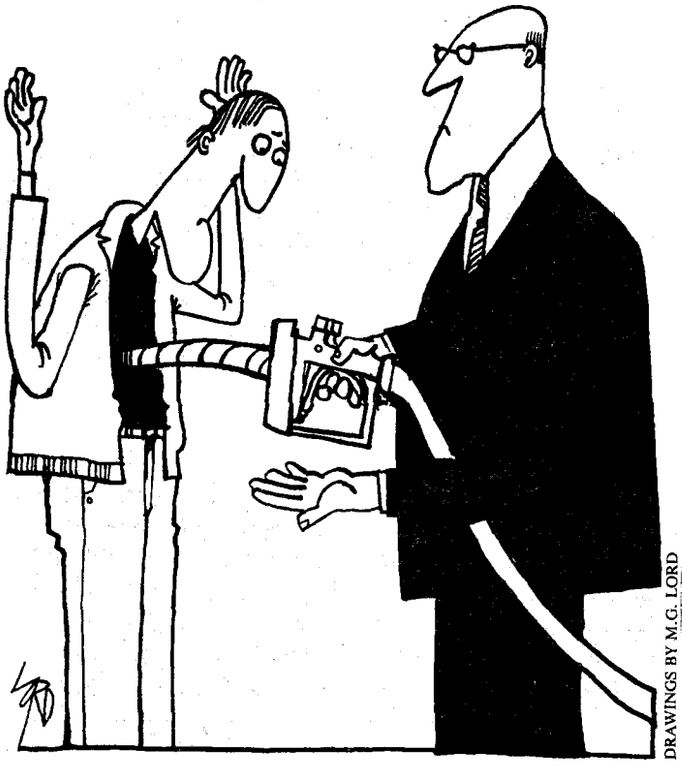
Now the Energy Establishment is seeking to finish the job at a time of skyrocketing prices and a natural gas glut, which, according to free-market teachings, should have brought prices down, but did not. Contrary to their claims, Big Oil and its partners are not pushing for complete decontrol because it would result in more and cheaper gas. Rather, as an exhaustive study by the Consumer Federation of America recently concluded, "Just twenty natural gas producers stand to gain a $68.3 billion 'windfall' from their sales of old gas to only fifteen interstate pipelines for the period 1983-1990."

The C.F.A. report, which draws on figures compiled by the American Petroleum Institute, an industry group, names the following companies as the prime beneficiaries of old gas decontrol: Mobil, Exxon, Texaco, Gulf, Shell, Tenneco, Standard Oil of Indiana (Amoco), Standard Oil of California (Chevron), Phillips Petroleum, Atlantic-Richfield, Getty, Cities Service, Union, Superior, Sun, El Paso, Conoco, Penzoil, Marathon and Columbia.

These corporations own most of the country's supply of old gas. Consumer Federation researchers found that they had supplied 72.3 percent of all such gas that flowed through the pipelines in 1982. The five leaders were Mobil, with 383.1 billion cubic feet selling for $532.5 million; Exxon, 365.4 billion cubic feet, $514.4 million; Texaco, 355.3 billion cubic feet, $427.4 million; Gulf, 332.6 billion cubic feet, $193.9 million; Shell, 319.7 billion cubic feet, $451.1 million. Gulf, tied to contracts negotiated years ago, was the only company that was hurting; it received an average of only 58 cents per thousand cubic feet, compared with the national price of $1.26 per thousand cubic feet.

Although the other major oil companies are not stuck with such a large number of low-cost contracts, many are complaining. Phillips Petroleum, for example, claims that it is selling some gas from its Texas fields for 19.7 cents per thousand cubic feet under long-term contracts, and Texaco moans that it received an average of only 98 cents per thousand cubic feet for its 1980 production. Given those figures, it is not hard to grasp the benefits to the oligopolists from the Reagan bill, since it has a "market out" clause that would enable them to terminate old gas contracts, letting prices zoom to the average market rate, which was $2.53 per thousand cubic feet in the fall of 1982.

Many independent gas producers contend that such wind-



DRAWINGS BY M.G. LORD

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falls for the wealthiest companies would drive hundreds of smaller firms out of business. Robert A. Hefner 3d, head of The GHK Companies in Oklahoma City, spokesman for the Independent Gas Producers Committee and a harsh critic of decontrol, told Representative Philip Sharp's fossil and synthetic fuels subcommittee on March 24:

> The proposal crafted by the Department of Energy would be a disaster for both current producers and users of natural gas. It is a no-win proposition for everyone but the major oil companies. It is a bill which robs consumers of the benefit of low cost, old gas supplies, robs independent producers of essential incentives to drill for new reserves and robs our country of the chance to displace higher cost foreign oil with lower cost domestic gas.

Hefner charged that the bill, in time, "would confer a $100 billion windfall on the major oil companies," and he added this warning: "If independent producers are driven out of business, the same multinational companies that already own America's oil, uranium and coal supplies will soon dominate the ownership of newly discovered gas reserves as well."

There is much evidence to support Hefner's prediction. Consider the effects of the "backdoor decontrol" measures introduced by the F.E.R.C. in 1982, which increased gas prices to consumers by 25 to 50 percent, lowered demand and discouraged exploration. The experience of one independent producer, Mesa Petroleum, was typical. According to company president T. Boone Pickens Jr., in an interview broadcast on public television in January, Mesa's drillers discovered a reservoir capable of producing 20 billion cubic feet of gas a day, after drilling 26,000 feet in Oklahoma's Anadarko Basin. But this find proved valueless: Mesa couldn't get a single pipeline company to transport the gas because there was no demand for it.

In November 1981, I called the Department of Energy for information about a phenomenon that seemed inexplicable to me. For the past two years, homeowners had been converting from No. 2 fuel oil to natural gas for heating, at a rate of 400,000 a year. Yet natural gas consumption had dropped. According to the department's own figures, consumption fell 7 percent in 1979, to 19.5 trillion cubic feet—and it fell again in 1980, to 18.7 trillion cubic feet.

A spokesman for the department explained that natural gas consumption had declined in 1979 and 1980 because prices were *too high*. He said that when No. 6 residual oil became cheaper than gas, many large-volume consumers converted with the flip of a switch, since their boilers were capable of burning either fuel.

Now, two years later, with natural gas prices going berserk, the industry is confronted with a crisis of dwindling markets and shrinking demand. Numerous witnesses before the Sharp subcommittee testified that the low volume of sales—not a shortage of gas—was the industry's most critical problem. The Energy Establishment has been driving up prices in an effort to make natural gas "competitive" with oil. But the oligopolists' definition of "competitive" stands English on its head. They want natural gas to cost as much as oil—or more. Then the American consumer would have no competing fuels to choose between. The world would belong to Big Oil, the czar of the marketplace. Big Oil, and Big Oil alone, would determine all energy costs—and the public be damned. □

THE VIEW FROM HELSINKI

'Finlandization' And the Finns

T.M. PASCA

Helsinki

There is an old saying that it takes twenty years for a new idea to cross the Atlantic from Europe. But it could also be said that some commonly held ideas about Europe in America are twenty years and more out of date. "Finlandization" is one of these.

The term is applied to a democratic nation that has made accommodations with the Soviet Union out of fear. It is frequently invoked as a warning to West Germany, heartland of the cold war. Prior to the recent parliamentary elections there, for instance, *The Wall Street Journal* warned that Germany might go the way of Finland if it did not give its wholehearted support to the deployment of American nuclear missiles.

Serving as a bad example is something the Finns will never get used to. The term "Finlandization" still drives them up the wall, since it implies they are neutral because they are afraid of the Russians. To the contrary, *not* being afraid of the Russians and *not* being manipulated by Moscow are what the Finns hold up as proof of the success of their neutrality policy. The country's four major political parties, as well as its smaller ones, all support the policy, as demonstrated in the last two elections.

In the 1982 presidential election, Mauno Koivisto, a Social Democrat, succeeded Urho Kaleva Kekkonen, who had resigned in 1981 because of ill health. Koivisto, who won handily, assured the voters that the neutrality policy begun after World War II by President Juho Kusti Paasikivi would be continued under his administration. In the parliamentary elections held this March, every party supported that policy. Finns believe it has assured their country's independence and prosperity while keeping it out of cold war conflicts.

The policy grew out of the Treaty of Friendship, Cooperation and Mutual Assistance, which Finland and the Soviet Union signed in April 1948. At that time, there was indeed reason to fear the Soviet Union of Joseph Stalin. Two years earlier Moscow had abrogated the Yalta agreement, which called for a democratic government in Poland, and in February 1948 there had been a Communist coup in Czechoslovakia. The naval and air base on Finland's Porkkala Peninsula, twelve miles from Helsinki, was under long-term lease to the Soviet Union, and there were Russian

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troops poised outside Helsinki. "The Finns," as Nikita Khrushchev subsequently said, "knew perfectly well that our troops stationed right outside their capital weren't there to make shashlik and go fishing."

Both the United States and Britain encouraged Finland to sign the 1948 treaty, viewing it as a way of removing a potential source of tension from the rapidly growing cold war. They believed that a neutral, stable Finland would adhere to a system of parliamentary democracy and to Western cultural values. Thanks to the statesmanship of Finnish leaders and the Finns' penchant for practicality, they turned out to be right.

The Paasikivi-Kekkonen policy went through two distinct stages. Between 1946 and 1956, President Paasikivi devoted his efforts to assuring Moscow that a neutral, Western-oriented Finland would not be used as a corridor or staging area for an attack on the Soviet Union. The Soviet invasion of Finland in 1939, which touched off the bloody three-month Winter War, was prompted by that fear. The Russians believed that fascist elements in Finland, serving German interests, would lead the country to attack Leningrad.

In 1955, the success of Paasikivi's efforts was marked by the withdrawal of Soviet forces from the Porkkala Peninsula. The withdrawal has sometimes been explained as a Soviet ploy to keep Sweden, the major Scandinavian power, from moving closer to NATO. But the more likely explanation is that Moscow no longer thought it necessary to maintain costly defenses in that part of Europe.

The second stage of Finland's pursuit of neutrality took place between 1956 and 1981, when President Kekkonen worked to strengthen economic and cultural bonds with the West. The Finns promoted détente and opposed the nuclear arms race, and they regarded their diplomatic campaign against a revival of the cold war and especially against the nuclear arms race as a kind of national life insurance protecting their country's neutrality.

Finland also became a member of the World Bank, the European Free Trade Association, the Nordic Council and the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade, and it has often contributed troops to U.N. peacekeeping forces. It has signed trade agreements with the European Economic Community and with the Comecon countries. About 25 percent of its trade is with the Soviet bloc and 75 percent with Western nations, a ratio it apparently wants to maintain. Ships (particularly cruise liners and icebreakers), machinery for pulp and paper mills, heavy machinery for the timber and wood processing industries, as well as wood products themselves, are the exports that have made Finland among the world's twenty most prosperous nations. Emigration due to lack of jobs has been reversed, so that now more Finns are returning home than are leaving the country. The unemployment rate stands at 6.6 percent, and inflation is 9.3 percent—both low for Europe.

Elections were held in March, and the new government was announced during the first week in May. Kalevi Sorsa, a Social Democrat, continues as Prime Minister. The new government is almost the same as the old one. It consists of the Social Democratic Party (S.D.P.), the Center Party, the Swedish People's Party and the Rural Party. The old coalition included the Communist-dominated Finnish People's Democratic League until last December. In the new government the Communists have been replaced by the Rural Party, a small populist party of protest that surprised everyone by gaining strength in the elections. No one, however, was surprised to see the Communists lose votes. They are divided into several factions, with a majority of them Eurocommunists and a minority hard-line Marxists.

From prosperous Helsinki, with its bustling consumerism and aura of the good life, to the magical stillness of Lapland, it is obvious that Finns do not feel Finlandized. And yet, their position between the East and the West keeps them in a constant state of worry. In discussions with one person after another, I found a recurrent theme of distrust of cold war proponents in both the United States and the Soviet Union. The Finns are deeply aware of the dangers of polarization between the two superpowers.

"The Soviets seek military parity with the United States," wrote a Finnish analyst, "and, as they achieve this, they transform it into political power which would affect global security and especially European security. The parallel American policy takes the form of a tendency to militarize issues and areas which are normally dealt with through political and economic means. Like the rest of the Europeans, we tend to expect more of the United States than of the Soviet Union." Finns are especially critical of what they consider "clumsy politicians" in Washington. Russian leaders are seen as cautious and predictable by contrast.

An act of political clumsiness this January—by an American general in Brussels rather than by a politician in Washington—caused a furor in Finland, and the reverberations were still being felt as the snows in Lapland began.

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melting in spring. In an interview with the *Helsingin Sanomat*, the country's leading newspaper, Gen. Bernard Rogers, supreme commander of NATO, vented his suspicions of Finnish neutrality. General Rogers said he was certain that Norway, a member of NATO, and Sweden, a Western-oriented neutral nation, would fight back if the Soviet Union attacked them.

"But," he asked, "what about the Finns? Are the Finns ready to defend their territory and airspace, whatever direction an attack comes from, including the Soviet Union?" He explained that NATO planners were "worried that the governments of Finland and the Soviet Union might agree that the Finns should not fight with the determination we would hope for."

Whether a faux pas or a calculated provocation—it reads like a combination of both—the suggestion that Finland has secretly agreed to pull its punches against Russia was taken by Finns as an insult to their national pride, not to mention a reflection on their *sisu* (guts). The Conservative Party was particularly incensed, but President Koivisto seems to have passed the word to his fellow Social Democrats to restrain their ire, at least in public. As one S.D.P. member, Prof. Esko Riepula, the rector of Lapland's new University of Rovaniemi, put it, "I think we feel that it is more important that the Soviet Union understands our position than the United States." Finns shrug their shoulders in frustration when asked about Western misunderstandings of their foreign policy.

Finland's posture of military strength is vital to the credibility of its brand of neutrality. The country maintains a highly visible third of its army and most of its interceptor planes in Lapland, which is only seventy miles across at its narrowest point between the Soviet Union and Norway.

In the past, Finland has waged peace during periods of détente: in 1976 it hosted the Conference on Security and Cooperation in Europe, and in 1969 the initial SALT meetings were held in Helsinki. In times of cold war tension, Finns don't retreat from calling for détente, but they slow down their peace efforts. The armed forces are redeployed to the sensitive Lapland area, and the arms budget is increased with the support of the electorate.

Finland's military force consists of a regular army of 40,000, a modern but limited-mission air force composed mostly of fighter planes, and a small navy. There is a ready reserve of between 600,000 and 700,000 conscripts, on the Swiss model. Of these conscripts, 100,000 are supposed to respond within hours to an emergency mobilization. That is a sizable army in a nation of 4.8 million people.

Reino Paasilinna, a former investigative reporter for Finnish television who went on to become the press officer at the Finnish Embassies in Moscow and Washington, and is now a member of Parliament, talked about what had changed in the Finnish view of America and the Soviet Union since the 1950s. "In those days," he said, "Russia was a closed country and a threat. America represented everything that was open, free and unafraid. Now the situation has changed. But the Americans, whom we admired so much, don't seem to be aware of this. It appears to us that it is the United States that is afraid and without confidence, even though it is stronger than ever, while the Soviet Union is not seen here as a threat, unless it is threatened."

He paused and picked at the extensive variety of fish Helsinki's Hotel Marski offers, and drained his glass of chilled vodka.

"Tell me," he said, "how can the free and democratic system of the United States produce so many poor politicians for their most responsible positions, while the authoritarian Soviet Union turns out quality leaders at the top? Whether you agree with their system or not, you have to give the Russians credit for that. What's wrong with the Americanization of democracy?"

I reminded him that he was supposed to be talking about Finlandization and not Americanization. □

Militancy

(Continued From Front Cover)

with them and raise their wages. It was a brief moment in the sun, but it created both a better union movement and a better America.

The undoing of these victories began in World War II, when all the union hierarchs (except John L. Lewis) agreed to give up the right to strike for the duration of the fighting. The rank and file did not object at first, because war production pulled America out of the Depression. Unemployment, which had reached a peak of 25 percent in 1933 and was still 19 percent in 1938, fell to 1.2 percent by 1944. The real wages of a worker with three dependents (measured in 1947-49 dollars) went from $39.76 a week in 1939 to $58.59 in 1944. Of course, during this time soldiers were dying: 405,000 were killed in the war. But the deaths were dispersed throughout a large population (only one in 345 Americans died in combat), and the United States was untouched by enemy bombs and invading armies. To most workers on the home front, the war meant jobs and prosperity.

By 1943-44, however, disenchantment had set in among the rank and file. Though strikes were forbidden and union leaders tried to check them, more work stoppages occurred than at any time in American history. The disenchantment spilled over to politics, and important voices—like that of U.A.W. leader Emil Mazey—called for the formation of a labor party. The union movement faced a critical choice: either it could return to the militancy of the 1930s or it could work out an accommodation with the powers that be. The hierarchs of the new C.I.O. (with a few exceptions) and the hierarchs of the old A.F.L. chose the latter course.

The accommodation, which, like Topsy, "just grow'd," covered both foreign and domestic affairs. It began in 1944 with the formation by the A.F.L. of the Free Trade Union Committee, which was intended to revive European and Japanese unions and help them "resist the new drives of

Sidney Lens was active in the sitdown strikes of the 1930s. His latest book is The Maginot Line Syndrome: America's Hopeless Foreign Policy *(Ballinger Books).*

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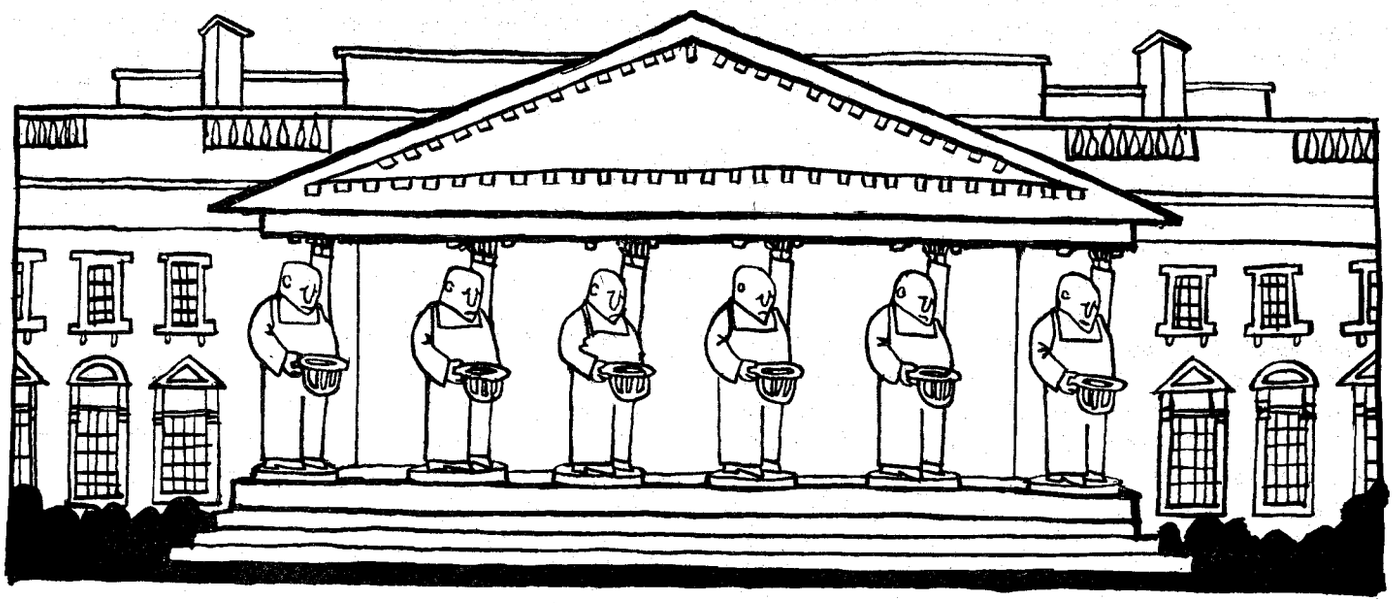
totalitarian [i.e., Communist] forces." It continued as a full-blown collaboration between the A.F.L. (and later the A.F.L.-C.I.O.) and the Central Intelligence Agency and the State Department, which provoked splits in the French and Italian labor movements, broke a strike in Marseilles by workers who refused to unload U.S. arms shipments to France, sparked general strikes in Guyana in 1962 and 1963 aimed at overthrowing Premier Cheddi Jagan, helped the Brazilian generals overthrow the elected government of President João Goulart, supported dictators in Vietnam and engaged in innumerable other acts challenging Communism and neutralism. In return, union leaders were allowed to select labor attachés in many U.S. embassies and labor officers for aid programs abroad. They also received millions of dollars from the Agency for International Development and the C.I.A. for the unions' international programs, and were often assisted behind the scenes by the government in settling strikes or negotiating contracts. Without the cooperation of the A.F.L. and the A.F.L.-C.I.O. it would have been far more difficult for Washington to prosecute the cold war and "fight Communism" at home.

On the domestic front, the accommodation pivoted on the issue of security. The rank and file, of course, gained some security from the seniority and pension provisions in its contracts, but the unwritten pact with big business and government centered on security for union *leaders*. The union shop and the dues checkoff, which ultimately spread to all the major industries, gave labor leaders stable memberships and steady cash flows. And the economic boom, which enabled employers to grant wage increases relatively painlessly—since they could pass on the costs to consumers—insulated union leaders from rank-and-file unrest. Immediately after the war there were thousands of strikes, but there was no longer the sense of desperation among workers that there had been in the 1930s. As *Fortune* observed of the 1946 strike wave, the largest one up to that time: "For the first time a great wave of strikes stirred up almost no physical violence. The strikers of 1945-46 were not desperate men. On the public platform their leaders sounded off with booming phrases directed at the enemy, Capital; but privately they, like the strikers, were calm, cool, even friendly warriors." Rank-and-file militancy was diluted even more in 1949, when the C.I.O. expelled its Communist faction, which had contributed more than any other group to the C.I.O.'s victories.

The upshot of all this was that the union leaders of the 1950s and 1960s—like the old business unionists—acquired a measure of security beyond anything they had known in the 1930s. Contracts, which had been negotiated every year, came to be negotiated every two, three or even five years—relieving union officials of pressures from their members in the interim. Elections, which had been held yearly in the C.I.O. unions, now took place every two or three years. Factional conflicts within the U.A.W. ceased, and there was only one caucus in the union—the Reuther caucus. Union officials who had been radicals in their youth were now ensconced in well-paying jobs, and disposed to be comfortable rather than militant. Former Communists, some of whom later played important roles in opposing the Vietnam War, no longer had the sizable base of support they had once enjoyed. The American labor movement of the 1950s and 1960s became institutionalized, just as the A.F.L.—which had been sired by socialists—had done in the first third of the century.

The average worker in the mass production industries and in the A.F.L.-dominated craft industries also lost much of his militancy and sense of solidarity. Unlike nonunion workers, he was fairly well-off. He received annual wage increases, even during recessions; he could afford to buy a house and a car and to send his children to college. What's more, his boss could afford to meet his demands—and, he believed and hoped, could afford it into the indefinite future. The country's gross national product had almost doubled during World War II, as had production in its capital equipment industry, and it had accumulated 77 percent of the world's gold reserve because of vast surpluses in its balance of payments. Since most industrial nations, friend and foe alike, had been devastated by the war, there was an



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enormous international market that only the United States could satisfy. There was also enormous pent-up demand at home: those workers who had socked money away in war bonds and savings accounts were now free to spend it on cars, houses and television sets. For ten or fifteen years after the war, therefore, American industry had such a great advantage over its competitors that it could "pamper" unionized workers. It resisted organizing drives in traditionally nonunion areas like the South, but it collaborated with labor leaders in the organized industries because it was profitable to do so and because it assured social stability.

Postwar prosperity, however, was based on a special set of circumstances that could not last. America gradually lost its dominance in the world market and, to a certain extent, in the domestic market as well, as Japan, West Germany, France, Britain and others regained their economic momentum. The United States has had a number of disadvantages vis-à-vis its competitors. For one thing, it has spent $3 trillion on the arms race, stimulating unbalanced budgets and inflation. Defense spending has served, in effect, as a form of unemployment compensation for soldiers and as a gratuity for weapons producers. As the father of modern capitalism, Adam Smith, pointed out two centuries ago, arms making is "unproductive" labor which adds nothing to the economy—in fact subtracts from it. One third of the engineers and scientists in the country are engaged in war production, draining brainpower from the civilian sector. Also, the cost-plus system used in weapons production, which emphasizes quality over quantity, is not easily convertible to making civilian goods, which are mass-produced.

These factors and others have translated into grim statistics. The U.S. share of world exports fell from 40 percent in 1962 to 25 percent in 1979. In 1962 the United States and West Germany each had about a third of the world market in the metalworking industry, but by 1979, the U.S. share had fallen to 21 percent while Germany's had risen to 40 percent. American companies also lost much of the domestic market to foreign competitors. The G.N.P. growth rate fell from an average of 4 percent a year in the 1960s to slightly less than 3 percent in the 1970s, and it fell even more in the first two years of the 1980s. In 1968 the United States, according to economist Seymour Melman, was operating "the world's oldest stock of metal-working machinery." Our railroads were deteriorating while those of Japan, France and other nations were being modernized. Our merchant fleet had fallen to twenty-third in the world, and we were losing the edge in steel production to Japan and the Soviet Union. The balance of trade, which had been continuously in the black after the war, slipped into the red in 1971, and thereafter annual deficits grew to $10 billion, $20 billion, $30 billion.

Militarism had finally sapped the strength of the American economy. Contrary to a 1950 prediction of the National Security Council, we could not afford both guns and butter. To add insult to injury, the thirteen OPEC nations raised the price of petroleum by 1,000 percent in less than a decade, draining hundreds of billions of dollars from the industrial world.

It was obvious that the American standard of living had to be lowered. President Carter began the process in the last two years of his term by introducing voluntary guidelines that set wages 5 or 6 percent below the rate of inflation, and corporations close to bankruptcy, like Chrysler, forced unions to relinquish many benefits. President Reagan, though eschewing voluntary guidelines, continued the process of lowering living standards by slashing the incomes of the poor and the elderly, tolerating a high level of unemployment and encouraging management to demand givebacks from unions. One can be fairly certain this assault will continue.

Once again on the defensive, as it was in 1933, the American labor movement has lost touch with history. Militarism has changed American society drastically in the post-World War II era. The single-industry monopolies of an earlier day have been replaced by conglomerates with investments in many industries, and by multinational companies with subsidiaries in a host of countries. Labor has not kept up with industry's growing power. Its old weapon, the strike, and its traditional division into craft and industrial unions, are not suited to deal with these changes. I.T.T., for example, has dozens of subsidiaries; a strike at one of them, say Wonder Bread, would hardly make a dent in the parent company's profits. Similarly, a strike at Ford might hurt its balance sheet in the United States, but the company has enough subsidiaries abroad to more than offset the losses.

Even more important, while government is now the most powerful influence on the economy, labor has no independent political mechanism or party with the power to deal with it on an equal footing. Every act of government affects the inflation rate, the unemployment rate, interest rates, wages and working conditions. Yet, because labor's leadership has been in partnership with the militarist state since 1944, it is no longer able to defend workers against assaults by that state. That is not to say it is completely docile. It does register objections to the Reagan tax programs, for instance, and to cuts in social spending. But its statements are mostly rhetoric. Unions have seldom mobilized their members for militant action at the point of production and on the political front.

With the prospect of 10 to 12 percent unemployment (that figure includes those who have stopped looking for work), with 20 million or 30 million Americans permanently at the poverty level, with our banking system plagued by uncollectible foreign loans, it is obvious that only a planned economy can forestall disaster. The corporate Goliaths that have brought us to this brink must be placed under either social control or outright social ownership. And the system of priorities that values guns over butter must be reversed, to save us not only from nuclear catastrophe but from economic ruin.

This requires both an independent political stance by the most important potential force for dissidence—labor—and a return to the principles of civil disobedience that have always been the handmaidens of progress in this country, and that inspired labor's great surge in the 1930s. □

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EXCHANGE.

(Continued From Page 624)

cisely a democratic socialist politics that includes a realistic view of the Soviet Union and other Communist states. This does not mean the Norman Podhoretz view of a Soviet Union bent on taking over the local P.T.A., but the George Kennan or Paul Warnke view of a superpower bent on flexing its muscles and maintaining its sphere of influence at the expense of its neighbors' freedom. I know that Radosh shares this latter view, and I suspect that most of those whom Kopkind criticizes do too.

The American left must learn to argue for arms control *and* against Soviet domination of Eastern Europe. It must learn to oppose American intervention in Central America *and* to criticize the suppression of political rights by Communist governments in the region.

There is one final point in Kopkind's polemic that must be noted. He charges that the portraits of the Weathermen by Horowitz and Collier, the research into the Rosenberg case by Radosh and other scholarly ventures into the new or old left history are attempts "to discredit the left." Without accepting all the details of these analyses, I would still argue that their intent is not to discredit the left—unless the left is simply identified with their subjects—but to purge the larger left of its persistent illusions about the past.

Kopkind draws a distinction between the "alien" origins of the old left and the "all-American" credentials of the new, but the fact is that both movements began as reflections of peculiarly American concerns and moved inexorably and tragically toward alien and self-destructive premises. The Communists grew out of the old American Socialist Party, which was itself a child of the Populists and the early labor movement. In less than five years, the Communist leaders, most of whom were not foreign-born, squandered two decades of socialist growth and plunged much of the left into the netherworld of the Third International.

Similarly, the New Left, in part a product of John Kennedy's New Frontier, built a massive movement against the war and for civil rights, which its leadership, notably the Weathermen, squandered in less than three years. A certain political pathology is present in both cases. It little mattered that the members of the new generation were born in Hoboken, River Forest or Oakland rather than in Kiev; if they didn't look to Moscow, they looked to Peking or Havana or Algiers.

Now this history needs careful and even merciless scrutiny, not the sentimental idealization it often receives. Horowitz and Collier's portrayal of the Weathermen's depraved and eventually criminal practices is a fitting corrective to those who have lionized them. Radosh's book on the Rosenbergs is not yet published so I can't judge its case, but on the basis of his article in *The New Republic*, I would say he certainly establishes the possibility that one of the Rosenbergs was up to something. Against the background of old left denials that American Communists had any link to Soviet espionage, Radosh's book may also serve as a useful corrective.

Of course, some people on the left have the attitude that it simply doesn't matter whether the American Communists were once linked to Soviet espionage or whether the leading organizations to emerge from the Students for a Democratic Society became quasi-religious cults. But I fear there is some connection between the left's idealization of its past and its continuing inability to build a majority movement in the United States.

John B. Judis

'KOPKIND'S DIATRIBE'

New York City

Though delighted and astonished to find myself—after writing a single article of press criticism—linked with Irving Howe, Susan Sontag and others as one of the principal shapers of opinion in this country, I will leave it to writers better qualified than myself to debate Andrew Kopkind's diatribe, an exasperating mixture of commonplace observation (the country has moved right!), media-bound parochialism (his harping on *opinion* rather than events) and sheer paranoia. I would like, however, to straighten out his bizarre distortion of something I wrote about *The Village Voice* and Solidarity. In the course of a critique of *The Voice*, published in the January 31 *New Republic*, I characterized the style (admirable) and politics (deplorable) of Alexander Cockburn. I then wrote as follows:

> It's hard to say what effect Cockburn has had on the *Voice*. One would certainly have expected the revolt of the Polish workers—democratic, nonviolent, socialist—to have roused the paper's staff to exultation, but Cockburn and his associate, James Ridgeway, far more interested in the embarrassments of capitalism than rebellions against Communist order, offered no more than a passing nod of approval. Apart from film critic J. Hoberman, *Voice* staffers had very little to say about Solidarity, but Cockburn's influence may not be the reason. The Polish workers, with their almost incredible fervor, rectitude, and modesty, may simply not have appealed to a paper eager to celebrate alternative "life-styles." When the revolution finally happened on the left, the *Voice* shrugged its shoulders.

That is *all* I said about Solidarity, and yet Kopkind writes that "Denby's main purpose . . . was to blame the American left for betraying the Polish workers' movement and thus contributing to its failure. Liberals love failure because they can blame it on the left." As anyone can see, I did not blame Solidarity's failure on the American left; nor has it ever occurred to me that Solidarity might have *succeeded* if *The Voice* had covered it more fully. What I was lamenting was a specific *journalistic* failure (*The Voice*'s unwillingness to do what other liberal and leftist publications did—send someone to Poland or publish the work of an American freelancer or a Polish writer in translation). If *The Voice* had done so, it might have had some salutary effect on the collapsing *American* left—a collapse I enjoy no more than Kopkind.

One of the reasons for *The Voice*'s finking out on Solidarity may have been its indifference to a movement composed of nonviolent political rebels who staunchly believe in family and church. Part of my beef against *The Voice* is that the paper has become obsessed in recent years with promoting appropriately rebellious "life styles"—obsessed to the point of triviality. Indeed, Andrew Kopkind, in the late 1970s, was one of the principal celebrants of "life style." He wrote immense pieces in *The Voice* on Calvin Klein, disco music and dancing, and gays in New York City as "an affectional community." In other words, Kopkind, like many others, checked out on the left in the late 1970s; like many others, he took part in the depoliticization of discussion that he now blames on everyone else. If the American left, as Kopkind says, hardly exists any more, he must assume his portion of the blame.

David Denby

'CIRCLE UP THE WAGONS'

Northampton, Mass.

Andrew Kopkind argues cogently in "The Return of Cold War Liberalism" that too many liberals have responded to periods in which the right wing is on the offensive by dumping on the left. They hope to save their own skins by appearing as "tough-minded" as the Neanderthals to their right, he says. But such a strategy only lends legitimacy to the right's political viewpoint and agenda, and undermines the potential for liberal resurgence. In the late 1940s Harry Truman, backed by the anti-Communist "vital center" liberals, created the political climate in which McCarthyism would soon flourish.

I agree with Kopkind that there are some disturbing parallels between the late 1940s and the early 1980s. But I am bothered by the indiscriminate manner in which he lumps together a wide variety of writers under the banner "cold war liberalism." Are all those who write critically about the New Left or who express interest in "the old spy stories" really part of the same "deep and diffuse campaign against the left . . . writing and speaking in ideological phrases and accusatory tones not heard in this country since the end of the 1950s"? Are there really no use-

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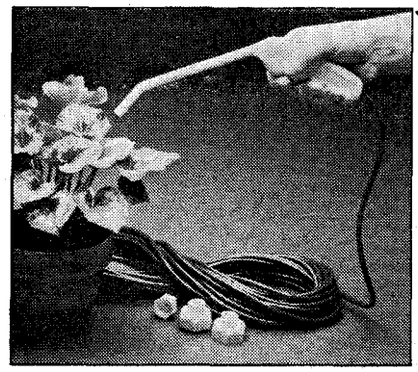

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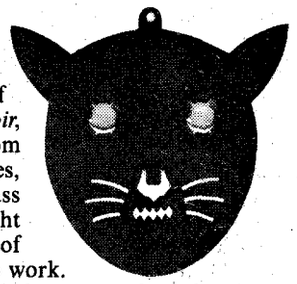
Le Chat Noir



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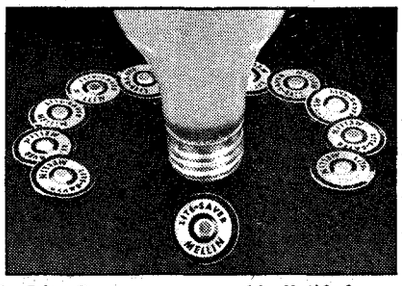

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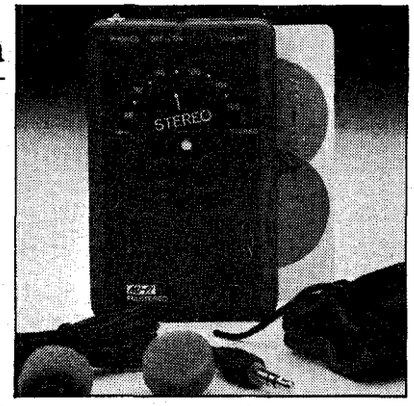

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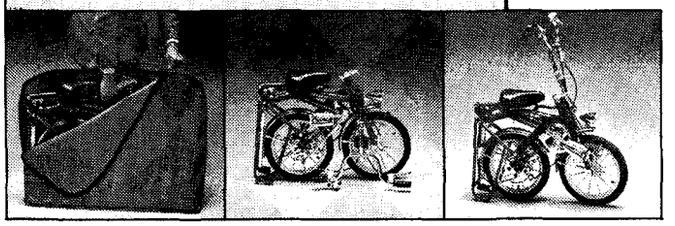

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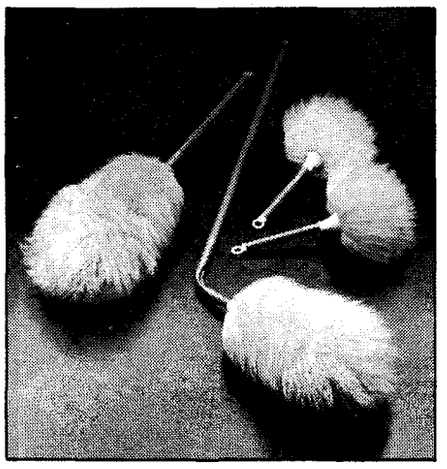

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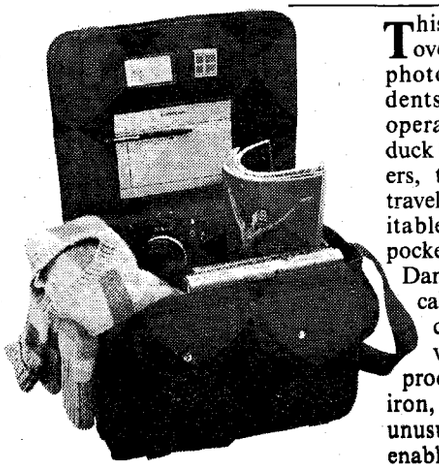

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ful distinctions to be made between Irving Howe's critical (but also self-critical) account of his dispute with S.D.S. leaders in the 1960s and *60 Minutes*' recent smear of the National Council of Churches?

Kopkind writes that "the *objective effect* of such attacks, whatever the claimed motive, is to undermine the left." (Emphasis added.) The phrase and the reasoning behind it scare me. How will American radicals ever arrive at an accurate assessment of the past weaknesses of the left if they cannot engage in critical debate, without the fear of "objectively" lending aid and comfort to the enemy? To be on the safe side, shall we only talk about how nice and pure and heroic past radical movements have been? Kopkind's "circle up the wagons" defense against Red-baiting has been tried before without great success. The left will be far less vulnerable to attacks from the right when it is mature and self-confident enough to discuss uncomfortable issues (like the Communist Party's subservience to the Soviet Union, and the New Left's descent into apocalyptic fantasy) freely and openly.

Maurice Isserman

'IT WAS NOT THE RADICALS . . .'

New York City

Andrew Kopkind writes: "Nor could the radicals conceivably have delayed the ultimate American withdrawal or damaged the antiwar movement; the radicals *made* the movement. Insofar as American policy was shaped by domestic pressures (rather than by the situation in Vietnam), the disruption of the social fabric on the home front was certainly critical to stopping the war."

However, it was not the radicals disrupting the social fabric on the home front who stopped the war, but simple national war-weariness. The result would have been the same had the Vietnam War (like the Korean War) coincided with no social radicalism at all.

An October 1968 Gallup poll asked, "In view of the developments since we entered the fighting in Vietnam, do you think the U.S. made a mistake sending troops to fight in Vietnam?"; an October 1952 Gallup poll asked, "Do you think the United States made a mistake in going into the war in Korea, or not?" Exactly the same proportion of the respondents—37 percent—supported each war. And the support for the Vietnam War was more impressive, since it had been going on a year longer than had the Korean War when the poll was taken. After public support for the Korean War fell to 37 percent, American troops were withdrawn within a year; after support for the Vietnam War fell to 37 percent, Americans continued to fight for four more years.

To be sure, the polarization of opinion on the Vietnam War was more extreme. Only 9 percent of the respondents had no opinion about the war, compared with 20 percent about the Korean conflict. A hefty 54 percent called the Vietnam War a "mistake." Were they moved to adopt that view by the radicals who disrupted the social fabric on the home front?

Democrats and Republicans were equally divided on the Vietnam conflict (8 percent of each had no opinion). But 40 percent of the Democrats interviewed supported the war, against 35 percent of the Republicans; fully 57 percent of all Republicans polled *opposed* the war, compared with 52 percent of the Democrats. The antiwar center of gravity during that most turbulent year was the Republican Party. Were Republicans moved to opposition by the radicals who disrupted the social fabric on the home front—or by war-weariness?

George S. Swan

'A WARNING TO US ALL'

Los Angeles

Andrew Kopkind's informative and courageous review of the politics of the last thirty years should serve as a warning to us all: don't let the cold war liberals, i.e., those whose hatred of the Soviet Union overrides all other issues, deter us from remaining united in our fight for a verifiable, bilateral nuclear freeze and disarmament. The threat of more nuclear weapons and the threat of nuclear war is *the issue*—it is a matter of life or death.

Helen Shonick

'THE ABSENCE OF SELF-CRITICISM'

Los Angeles

Andrew Kopkind's article was an admirable treatment of a subject of crucial importance to the struggle to avert a nuclear war. But it was seriously flawed by the absence of even a hint of self-criticism.

The Nation's own cold war liberalism is exemplified in almost any article by its European correspondent, Daniel Singer, by most of "Sovieticus" and, most recently, by its sponsorship of E. P. Thompson's contention that support for Soviet disarmament and peace proposals should be conditional on Soviet adoption, for its Eastern European socialist society, of his view as to the absolute virtues of the forms of middle-class democracy developed for Western capitalism.

The Boston Globe and George Kennan have both demonstrated far more commitment than *The Nation* to the use of simple honesty in the fight for the public's mind and spirit on the nuclear arms issue. They recognize and condemn "this endless series of distortions and oversimplifications; this systematic dehumanization of the leadership of another great country," in which *The Nation*, in company with President Reagan, has been increasingly engaged during the last two years.

The Nation is among those described by Kopkind, whose "intentions may indeed have been high-minded" but whose "actions [have] subverted their motives." *The Nation*, too, is helping "destroy the left" in the course of condemning "international Communism."

How sad to watch *The Nation*'s honorable tradition of integrity-cum-liberalism being eroded.

Doris Brin Walker

'RIGID REGIME' IN VIETNAM?

New York City

In the midst of a generally perceptive article, Andrew Kopkind mentions the "rigid Communist regime" in Vietnam, which he then links at least syntactically with "murderous black cults" (shades of V.S. Naipaul). It seems to me that, for that moment at least, Kopkind becomes an example of what he is writing against. "Leftists" have aided liberals in revising the ideological consensus. Nowhere is this more true than over the issue of Vietnam. The Vietnamese did not make their revolution to please Western leftists, and Kopkind would do well to avoid what Edward Said has called "the anguished *cri de coeur*" of Western leftists lamenting the failure of revolutions to live up to *their* expectations. These days, to defend the government of Vietnam puts one outside not only the sanctioned discourse of liberals but that of leftists as well. One can see the day coming when there will be Central American "boat people," and when marchers will bemoan yet another "inevitable problem down the road."

Robert Alpert

'LEFTIST HISTORIANS DISPARAGED'

New York City

Andrew Kopkind's perceptive analysis gives useful guidance on tactics and strategy to coalitions opposing the revival of cold war policies and the concomitant rise of domestic militarism and the national security state. Although his survey of cold war stratagems focuses on the media, other areas of our culture could be profitably probed.

To mention just one: At the annual meeting of the Organization of American Historians in Cincinnati last month, a rightward shift was clearly observable among the 2,500 practitioners in attendance. In numerous sessions on the works of revisionist historians, the papers presented heaped derision on New Left historians who had opposed America's involvement in the Vietnam War on the ground that it stretched the justifiable perimeters of our nation's vital interests and represented an expansion of American imperialism. Leftist historians were disparaged (mistakenly) as "Marxists" who had fallen under the influence of Lenin's imperialism. This intellectual sleight of hand was intended to discredit such scholars as Christopher Lasch, Gabriel Kolko and William Appleman Williams; instead it defamed the entire profession.

When it became clear that a group of self-styled "post-revisionists" was intent on dominating the meetings by presenting numerous papers, the audience protested, and demanded that they acknowledge their return to orthodoxy. Their camouflage as a new species of revisionists was stripped away at one hotly debated session I attended.

The complacency of these historians,

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derived chiefly from laudatory establishment reviews of their books, annoyed me. When one of them boasted of his extensive archival research, I was impelled to challenge him. "How can you feel so self-satisfied," I asked, "when you limit yourself to archival materials? Don't our Foreign Service representatives abroad, as excellent as they may be, tend to write self-serving reports? To cite one example, witness the C.I.A. overturn of a constitutionally elected government in Greece in 1967 in connivance with the colonels. Yet our embassy staff was dealing conventionally with the government."

I pursued the argument: "The C.I.A.'s involvement around the world in anti-Communist maneuvers and military manipulation is widely known, yet its archives are classified and not retrievable, even for scholars, under the Freedom of Information Act. The C.I.A. frequently makes and shapes our foreign policy. How can you feel certain you are rendering comprehensive coverage of historical events merely from materials in the establishment's archives?" The challenged paper-reader looked sheepish but declined to respond. Several colleagues pumped my hand afterward, and one said quietly, "I'm glad you spoke up."

New Left revisionism has surely left its mark; the return to orthodoxy parades today as post-revisionism. The revived cold war has chilled the excellent historical scholarship of the thaw period. *Sylvia E. Crane*

KOPKIND REPLIES

New York City

Serious responses to my article have fallen into three broad categories. In the first group, correspondents such as John B. Judis suggest that much, or some, of what I called cold war liberalism is an appropriate reaction to the aggressive or intolerant behavior of certain Communist governments rather than an opportunistic reaction to domestic pressure from the right wing.

In the second group, writers such as Maurice Isserman would place some, or much, of the blame for the widening cold war on the deceptive or immature behavior of American radicals in both the old and new lefts.

Those in the third group, such as Doris Brin Walker, are also concerned with perceptions of Communism and the appropriateness of the American political response. But they see every attempt to discuss the activities of Communist nations or parties as a ploy in a plot to destroy the left.

What I tried to do in my essay was to focus on American liberals in a particular historical context. I did not set out to determine the guilt or innocence of any Communist government for the crimes charged to it. Nor did I delve deeply into the many maneuvers of the American left. Communists and radicals have enough critics in the American press and public life; they hardly need my agonized analyses. The new cold war liberals, however, have so far escaped much exposure, or even identification, and they seemed a more urgent subject for consideration.

My point was that their anticommunism (and ours) is much more than a measured response to specific threats from any government or party. Anticommunism is a brain disease, or, if you like, an ideological dysfunction, whose etiology can be found in the victim's own environment rather than in the communications of a foreign agency. Ideological anticommunism is a world view that contains opinions, prejudices and tastes on every aspect of life, work and leisure: the books one reads, the movies one sees, the laws one likes, the schools one attends, the vacations one takes.

Anticommunism criminalizes and anathematizes the ideological enemy. The American strain follows the patriotic line. Thus, when the U.S. national security apparatus decides China is rather more of an ally than a foe, *New York Times* editors can take their holidays by the Great Wall, one step behind Nixon and Kissinger. They apparently don't much mind China's 2 million political prisoners. But hear them howl when Sandinists shut down a newspaper in Managua for a week.

In the same way, Judis copies the State Department's hit list when he condemns Russia, Vietnam, Poland and Ethiopia (he forgot Libya, Nicaragua and a few others). But no mention there of Yugoslavia, China or Rumania, much less of the scores of America's clients who periodically perpetrate massacres and mischief in pursuit of anticommunist objectives.

"Evenhandedness"—a traditional liberal cliché—is not what I would require of such propagandists. It doesn't do much good to draw up a Santa Claus list of good and bad governments and bless the ones that are nice, not naughty. At best, evenhandedness is isolating; no one is nice, these days. At worst, it involves the arbiter in a kind of fatuous real estate trading: Brazil is a better buy than Argentina; Hungary is hotter than Bulgaria; we'll take Costa Rica over Honduras.

What I would ask, however, is that those who make such judgments understand the ideological nature of their choices. Loathing and fear of Communist states and radical movements exists apart from the evil they do or the mess they make. It is created within the system in which the liberals live.

"Communism causes anticommunism," a former president of Students for a Democratic Society told me recently, as we walked near the La Brea Tar Pits in Los Angeles. "Oh," I replied, "the way Jews cause anti-Semitism, or homosexuality causes homophobia?" I was reminded of that depressing fragment of a conversation when I read Judis's comment that Brezhnev and Jaruzelski turned American leftists into anticommunists. An analogy might be that Shylock and Fagin (or their historical counterparts) turned tolerant gentiles into Jew haters.

But is there a nonideological anticommunism? I agree with Walker that this magazine does not always find it. Like racism, sexism and other oppressive ideologies, anticommunism is so pervasive in our consciousness that no one in this culture can escape it. But I think critics of Communist states and parties who are within left and radical movements—such as E.P. Thompson—have a far different political effect than those who stand outside. Their criticism is specific, pointed and realistic. They want to build a socialist movement; neither intentionally nor unintentionally do they seek to destroy the left. That is far different from what the cold war liberals are up to.

Andrew Kopkind

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

A German Novelist of Revolution...

ANTHONY HEILBUT

A PEOPLE BETRAYED: November 1918: A German Revolution. *By Alfred Döblin. Translated by John E. Woods. Fromm International. 642 pp. $19.95. Paper $10.95.*

In attempting to cram into this extraordinary novel everything remotely connected to its subject, Alfred Döblin acknowledges that reading it can be an ordeal: "This November is very long, too long (not just for the reader, for the writer as well). But those who lived through it did not find it any shorter themselves." This giant-sized work about the few weeks in which the Berlin revolution sputtered and died includes a huge cast of characters, real and fictional, in a text crowded with images and animated symbols. To divert reader and writer more, each major character incarnates a distinctive slant on modern politics. Döblin's witty explanation for German political impotence, "a thousand situations were simultaneously alive in them," is also an exemplary gloss on his own prose.

But the confusion is all in the service of a heroic task. This novel about 1918, written during Döblin's period of exile, is also patently about the roots of Nazism, and as such, demands comparison with Thomas Mann's *Doctor Faustus*. That Döblin happened to hate Mann is yet another opening up of possibilities for an author wily enough to make Lenin, Karl Liebknecht and Woodrow Wilson sound like himself. For the one unifying element of this urban sprawl of a novel is the irreverent *Berlinerisch* tone of its author. The downfall of Berlin is told in Berlin style, which means without sentimentality or kitsch; Döblin is at once very funny and deadly serious.

A People Betrayed, admirably translated by John E. Woods, contains two thirds of Döblin's trilogy, *November 1918*; the third section, *Karl and Rosa*, will be published this fall. The story of its composition in France and the United States is almost as strange as the novel itself. Although Döblin is increasingly a subject of attention—Günter Grass salutes him as his literary mentor, and Rainer Werner Fassbinder's film version of his *Berlin Alexanderplatz* will shortly be serialized on public television—his life was a series of crises and failures. Döblin was born in 1878 to a poor Jewish family. He earned a medical degree, served in World War I and returned to Berlin, working as a doctor while turning out novels, essays and poems. In 1929, he finally scored a popular success with *Berlin Alexanderplatz*, the quintessential depiction of working-class Berlin. *A People Betrayed* captures some of the earlier novel's twang, but its concerns and ambitions are considerably more intellectual.

Forced to flee Germany in 1933, Döblin moved to France. There he sought assurance in various forms—psychoanalysis, Zionism, fellow traveling and eventually Catholicism. In 1940 he fled to America, joining an anomalous group of émigré writers dismally situated in California, where they lived on small stipends from the movie studios. Döblin's literary success in America was nil: except for a section of this work printed by a small German-language press, he published nothing. As a radical and as a lover of popular culture—not to mention as an aging, penniless man with a family—he craved the large audiences of Franz Werfel or Thomas Mann. Instead his readership was limited to a disgruntled band of left-wing émigré writers. This diverse and immensely talented group briefly confederated in a short-lived publishing venture, Aurora Verlag, directed by Wieland Herzfelde. The very name exhibited a socialist humanist's idea of whimsy: Aurora was either Homer's rosy-fingered dawn or the St. Petersburg ship that signaled the onset of the October revolution. Likewise, the title of the firm's anthology, *Morgenroete* (Red Morning), evoked either Homer or Marx. After World War II, Döblin returned to West Germany, but his luck stayed bad. Unable to find a publisher, he exiled himself again to France, where he died in 1957, at the age of 79.

For decades, Döblin remained happily engaged in a one-way feud with Thomas Mann. In the 1920s, he snidely referred to Mann as a "master of stylistic beauties"; in the 1940s, he joined other leftists in excoriating Mann's criticisms of the German people—despite the fact that *A People Betrayed* shares several themes with *Doctor Faustus*, also written in California at roughly the same period. In both novels, culture works overtime in lieu of serious politics: while Goethe and Kant, not to mention medieval theologians, are cited like prophets, politics itself is presented as the work of adolescents and crackpots. As an ironic vindication of both authors' fears that medieval imagery continues to corrupt the German imagination, the two novels feature the Devil as a character: Mann's steps out of Luther and Nietzsche; Döblin's snarls like a Berlin cabdriver.

November 1918 describes the few weeks when it seemed that a nonviolent social revolution would occur in Berlin. Betrayal comes from above: from the generals and entrepreneurs who deploy nationalist appeals to reinstate their authority, and from the right-wing socialist leaders who prefer trade-offs with the establishment to cooperation with the Spartacists Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg. But Döblin is either too refined or too scattered an intelligence to indulge in agitprop. His reactionaries are seriously presented: an ancient countess spurs young soldiers to a *Putsch* in the name of their Kaiser while musing that Wilhelm was, in fact, a spoiled brat. Those on the left lack her wisdom and spunk: middle-class intellectuals moon over pastries in cafes; factory workers cheat their bosses and exploit their women; former soldiers become thieves, mercenaries or hustlers. Several historical figures show up: the revolutionary journalist Karl Radek as both a strident Stalinist and a crafty politician (a not unfamiliar combination), Liebknecht as both a sweet-natured humanist and a political Oblomov. Woodrow Wilson arrives to superintend the Treaty of Versailles and proposes a reconciliation of politics and spirit with which Döblin seems to sympathize. When the novel settles on a group of fictional characters, it focuses on a love triangle involving two former soldiers, Maus and Becker, and Hilde, a French socialite, and on Becker's spiritual adventures, his hallucinatory debates with the Devil and his

Anthony Heilbut is the author of Exiled in Paradise, *a study of German refugee artists and intellectuals in America, just published by Viking.*

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ecstatic conversion to Christianity.

Döblin dramatizes the political questions that obsessed émigré intellectuals. These remain the problems of the intellectual left, for whom post-1960s disillusionment in some ways resembles the anguish of Weimar intellectuals in exile. Thus, while wondering how Germans could have wound up in such a mess, Döblin also wonders about the role of intellectual vanguards, about the risks of co-optation by the middle class, about the apparently contradictory claims of humanism and Leninism. Like Mann, Döblin attempts to retrieve the issue of individual responsibility from class and historical analyses. As Becker tells Maus, after one assigns guilt to all the misleaders there's plenty left over: "I am guilty too." (Döblin's interpretation of the Jewish role in exile is most startling, given his own emigration and conversion: he argues that Jews will be "the race of the future" by providing those apparently "useless" ideas that transform the lives of everyone else.)

Döblin's chattering, kinetic human beings are surrounded by equally vivid objects: stockpiled snowshoes, rationed cheeses, abandoned luggage, stolidly mute buildings, talking rivers. Animal figures are everywhere, too: whether as the lion and rat with which the Devil taunts Becker, or as the right-wing socialists whose names often double as animal puns, or as an "unredeemed" gorilla-like creature with which, in the final pages, Döblin prefigures the next world war.

Döblin's Berlin tone allows him to blend numerous essayistic asides (sample titles are "The Author Takes Stock" and "The Writer Has Second Thoughts Once Again") with laconic put-downs ("what they drank was beer, what they spoke was hogwash") of God and the world, most certainly including himself. The tone prepares us for his cabaret image of the German revolutionary spirit as an undernourished Berlin flower girl, envying her big sister in Russia and already disposed to emigration. It undercuts his religious musings: when Becker the convert tries to explain to his rival Maus the nature of "true love," Maus's understanding is hilariously carnal. (Döblin slyly informs us that this metaphysical dialogue "has nothing to do with justice but rather with—a woman.") Maus's shocking about-face—he is so disgusted with vacillating intellectuals that he decides to join the reactionary mercenaries—demonstrates that while Becker climbs

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"the ladder of adoration," his ecstasies are solitary, and thus incomplete for so unreservedly social an intelligence as Döblin's.

A People Betrayed sometimes exhausts and confounds, yet one leaves it raring for more confrontations with Döblin. This book reminds us that for many of the greatest modern writers, the literary claims of the ego and of political radicalism were endlessly troubling but not mutually exclusive. Thomas Mann said he understood German guilt because he had experienced it in his body; likewise, in this novel, Döblin asserts that "every quiet observation is an act of self-observation and self-realization." With such an intimate knowledge of political evil, these two vastly dissimilar authors composed universal books about German history under California skies. □

... And a German Poet of Eternity

RIKA LESSER

THE SELECTED POETRY OF RAINER MARIA RILKE. *Edited and translated by Stephen Mitchell. Random House. 356 pp. $25.*

It is easy to see why we have so many translations from the poetic works of Rainer Maria Rilke (1875-1926). Because many readers have found the German works so attractive, they have wanted to make them their own. Rilke breathed new life into the verse forms of his day; he remade the sturdy sonnet, recast the sonorous song. He quickened the German language itself. No one before him had showed how the meanings of words could grow up from their roots, ramify and burgeon. Paradoxically, the more peculiar Rilke's usage became, the more natural his utterance sounded. His remarkably pure diction creates an eternal present that reminds his readers (translators are only readers who make records of what they read) there is poetry that *is* eternal, that neither dates nor needs updating.

The three principal English-language translators of Rilke, who have given us almost all his poetic works, approached their task with different aims and to different results. The pioneering and systematic J. B. Leishman responded to the formal exigencies of the shimmering surfaces, always seeking "to preserve Rilke's metres, rhythms, rhyme-schemes, and syntax," sometimes at the expense of comprehensibility. M. D. Herter Norton, who translated a great many of Rilke's poems as well as his highly poetic novel, *The Notebooks of Malte Laurids Brigge*, stuck closely to the texts, following the forms without attempting to replicate them or to push English too far; her annotated versions are still among the best we have. C. F. MacIntyre chose a path that did not admit Rilke's linguistic peculiarities, which he considered "fatuous idiosyncrasies." His translations show that stylized renditions contain within themselves the quick-sprouting seeds of their own obsolescence.

In the wake of these three come a fleet of translators who have felt affinities with parts of Rilke's works: Robert Bly, Babette Deutsch, Michael Hamburger, Randall Jarrell, Robert Lowell, W. D. Snodgrass and many others. The *Duino Elegies*, for instance, have been translated by Vita and Edward Sackville-West and by J. B. Leishman and Stephen Spender. Within the last decade or so, they have been translated anew by Elaine Boney, Stephen Garmey and Jay Wilson, A. Poulin Jr. and David Young.

Stephen Mitchell's *The Selected Poetry of Rainer Maria Rilke* is a 356-page annotated, chronologically arranged, bilingual volume. It is a miscellaneous sampling from almost all the periods of Rilke's production, including among the poems excerpts from *The Notebooks of Malte Laurids Brigge* and a few French prose sketches. Mitchell does not discuss his principles of selection, although he begins his notes with the old complaint: "Translating poems into equivalent formal patterns is to some extent a matter of luck, or grace, and this is especially true of rhymed poems." He points out that eleven "favorite Rilke poems never got beyond a rough draft, because that sweet goddess [of rhyme] refused to make even the briefest appearance." Of Rilke's many poetic cycles, only *Duino Elegies* is given in full.

Mitchell's translation of the *Duino Elegies* is the best work in this volume and clearly, as Stephen Spender has observed, "the best that has been made." For the first time, the *Elegies* are enormously readable in English—neither too plain-spoken nor too elevated in diction, complex but not convoluted.

Mitchell has availed himself not only of all the other English renditions but also of Jacob Steiner's excellent German line-by-line analysis. Most of Mitchell's notes to the *Elegies* are not interpretative commentary but translations from Rilke's correspondence. What Mitchell has done—and this is why the texts are so readable—is, as far as possible, embed his interpretations in the poems themselves. The very irregularity of the often long, always flowing rhythmic lines allows him to do that with minimal distortion. Now and then he fleshes out a line ("*Denn Bleiben ist nirgends*" in the first elegy becomes "For there is no place where we can remain"); now and then he inserts an additional line. This strategy works particularly well in the densely telegraphed metaphor of "*die Rose des Zuschauns*" in the fifth elegy, where the acrobats at the center of the rose of Onlooking too easily perform their feats:

> Ah and around this
> center: the rose of Onlooking
> blooms and unblossoms. Around this
> pestle pounding the carpet,
> this pistil, fertilized by the pollen
> of its own dust, and producing in turn
> the specious fruit of displeasure: the
> unconscious
> gaping faces, their thin
> surfaces glossy with boredom's
> specious half-smile.

The acrobats call to mind the angels of the second elegy ("pollen of the flowering godhead"), who have never seemed more enviable:

> Early successes, Creation's pampered
> favorites,
> mountain-ranges, peaks growing red
> in the dawn
> of all Beginning,—pollen of the
> flowering godhead,
> joints of pure light, corridors,
> stairways, thrones,
> space formed from essence, shields
> made of ecstasy, storms
> of emotion whirled into rapture, and
> suddenly, alone:
> *mirrors*, which scoop up the beauty
> that has streamed from their face
> and gather it back, into themselves,
> entire.

What Mitchell has given us in his rendition of the *Duino Elegies* is a clearly

Rika Lesser has translated Rilke, Ekelöf and other German and Swedish poets. Her first book of poetry, Etruscan Things, *has just been published by Braziller.*

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defined and systematic representation of Rilke's symbols, images and clusters of ideas. He has maintained—particularly well in the fifth, ninth and tenth elegies—the poems' supple movement, their rhythmic sweep and, most of all, the thrust of their arguments.

What has been lost, for the sake of clear exposition, is the fullness of the originals: their music, their startling, newly coined words, their patterns of dark and bright vowels—in brief, what Robert Hass in his introduction calls their "hypnotic" effect. It is this superficial beauty in the German that allows the reader to swallow all of Rilke's arguments and ideas, not just the angels but many more of his cherished notions—the sanctity or superiority of unrequited female lovers, of those who die young, of heroes, of dolls; the self-consciousness and acuity of insects and beasts. Those who can read both the English and the German texts are now in a position to judge whether the metaphysical cycle of the *Duino Elegies* is Rilke's masterpiece or whether it simply contains some of his most astonishing, most breathtaking passages of "pure" poetry.

While Mitchell's interpretive method helps us understand the Rilke of the *Duino Elegies*, it gives us rather peculiar notions of the poet at different periods of his productive life. This volume opens with two poems written in 1899 and published in 1905 in *The Book of Hours*. Here is the second, in Babette Deutsch's translation (1941) and in Mitchell's version:

In all these things I cherish as a brother
still it is you I find; seedlike you wait,
basking serenely in the narrowest compass,
and greatly give yourself in what is great.

This is the marvel of the play of forces
that they must serve: they move not, otherwise:
they grow in roots, and dwindle in the tree-trunk,
and in the crown like resurrection rise.

*

I find you, Lord, in all Things and in all
my fellow creatures, pulsing with your life;
as a tiny seed you sleep in what is small
and in the vast you vastly yield yourself.

The wondrous game that power plays with Things
is to move in such submission through the world:
groping in roots and growing thick in trunks
and in treetops like a rising from the dead.

Both translations aim for formal equivalence with the original. Deutsch eliminates one rhyming pair in each quatrain and preserves the original's metrical integrity, while remaining almost literally accurate. Mitchell employs slant rhymes (except for "all"/"small") that are nearly inaudible; the metrical pattern established in the first two lines is disrupted by the prose rhythm of the third (further disruptions occur in lines 6 and 8); many of the words bear no relation to those in the original. While the addition of "Lord" to the first line and the expansion of "things" to "all my fellow creatures" in the second line at first seem harmless enough, Mitchell's breaks with the original text are more suspect in the second stanza. "The wondrous game that power plays with Things" is a far cry from Deutsch's nearly literal rendition of Rilke's *Das ist das wundersame Spiel der Kräfte*. "Growing thick" for *"schwindend"* (dwindling, contracting, atrophying, vanishing) is expressly

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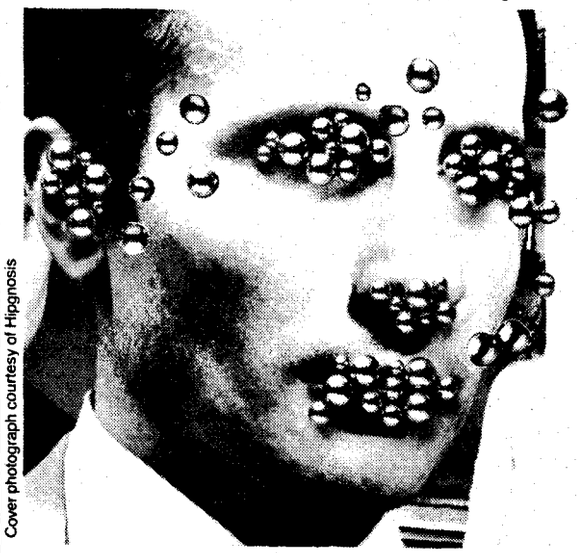

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counter to the meaning of the word and the progression of images in the poem's last two lines.

What motivated Mitchell, beyond the repetition of the "d" in "world" and "dead," to translate the poem in this way? What he has done is translate this early poem in the context of everything Rilke wrote—poetry, imaginative prose, letters—throughout his lifetime. The equation Mitchell makes in line 6 by translating the original's "*Dinge*" ("things") as "world" is one Rilke might easily have made in the *Duino Elegies*. It is one he approached in many of the works that lead up to them. It is not one he made in 1899. Mitchell's sole note on *The Book of Hours* is a letter Rilke wrote to Ilse Jahr in 1923; in it the poet discusses his earlier poems in the light of his later ones. To recognize these themes and tendencies is interesting indeed. But the poet of 1923 is not the poet of 1899. To translate the younger poet's works as if they had been written by the older poet is to do them a disservice, to misrepresent them.

Mitchell does not approach every poem in that way. His rendition of "Archaic Torso of Apollo," for example, articulates the German text almost exactly, although the attempt to find rhymes and reconstitute meter pads the second stanza. But he does it often enough. Perhaps the most peculiar instance of preferring Rilke's commentary on a poem to the poem itself occurs at the end of "Death," which Rilke wrote in 1915 and never collected. The last three lines in German are: "*O Sternenfall, /von einer Brücke einmal eingesehn—:/Dich nicht vergessen. Stehn!*" More or less literally rendered these read: "O falling star, /seen and comprehended only once from a bridge—:/Not to forget you. To stand!" Using material from a letter written more than three years later, Mitchell translates the lines: "O shooting star/that fell into my eyes and through my body—:/Not to forget you. To endure." It *is* difficult to translate Rilke's peculiar use of "*eingesehn*." He has not simply seen the star; he has seen into it, comprehended it. But it is sheer folly to look at the prose while translating the poetry, for their aims and methods are very far apart: the mystical experience suggested and recreated in the poem is related and described in the letter.

Mitchell's interpretive/interpolative method provides the reader of the poems with information that properly belongs in the notes to the poems. In the long narrative, "Requiem for a Friend," written for the painter Paula Modersohn-Becker, Mitchell adds specific references to the painter's canvases. Where Rilke wrote of "those amber beads around your neck," Mitchell translates, "the amber beads you wore in your self-portrait." Rilke never addresses the ghost by name; he simply calls her "Friend." Mitchell invokes the dead "Paula," fleshing out, overpersonalizing the straying visitor. Here, as elsewhere, by including specific referents in the poem, Mitchell restricts its more open field of reference.

As a final example of the results of this method, compare Mitchell's translation of the first five lines of the last of the *Sonnets to Orpheus* with another. Here is Herter Norton's version:

> Silent friend of many distances
> feel how your breath is still increasing space.
> Among the beams of the dark belfries let
> yourself ring out. What feeds on you
> will grow strong upon this nourishment.

And this is Mitchell's:

> Silent friend of the many distances, feel
> how your breath enlarges all of space.
> Let your presence ring out like a bell
> into the night. What feeds upon your face
> grows mighty from the nourishment thus offered.

Citing a letter that predates the poem by nearly five years, Mitchell replaces the dark enclosure of the belfry with a bell. The word "face," which occurs nowhere in the sonnet itself—and whose insertion must have been for the sake of the rhyme—is annotated with lines from the first of the *Duino Elegies*: "Oh and the night, the night, when the wind full of cosmic space/gnaws at our faces."

The landscape of Rilke's works is vast; its particular features demand clear interpretation and formal mirroring. While almost all of Mitchell's readings are supported by quotations from the larger body of Rilke's writings, his way of reading reduces the imaginative scope of the individual poems. Time and again one wishes Mitchell had simply translated them one by one, in all their variety, as Rilke made them at the various stages of his life. □

Notes From Underground

CLANCY SIGAL

ALL THE LONELY PEOPLE: Life in a Single Room Occupancy Hotel. *By Robert Hamburger. Ticknor & Fields. 352 pp. $15.95.*

It is hard to write about the poor without exploiting them. No matter how lofty a reporter's motives, his story can easily become just another titillation on the charity circuit: the little Vietnamese girl burned by napalm, the begging Calcutta waif, the African child with distended belly. Unless it leads to action, journalism reinforces the very system it seeks to reform: it contributes to readers' sense of privilege without moving them to involvement.

Robert Hamburger, who wrote this journal of a year in the life of a single room occupancy hotel in New York City—"a house of death," as one resident aptly calls it—is aware of this dilemma. At the start of his book he quotes an angry resident at the lightly fictionalized "Walden Hotel" on Upper Broadway:

> "You an informer! An informer, hear? You come in and get a book outa us—the people that don't need it, read it; the people that's against us keep on keepin on. . . . You ain't gonna change nothing. . . . You think tellin the truth's gonna do some good, but you informin on us. . . . What I'm saying is we're the real information. . . ."

By the time I finished *All the Lonely People* I believed him: the Walden residents are the "real information." All those winos, psychotics, junkies, cripples, layabouts, bad-luck artists and freaked-out Vietnam vets are the straight goods of our democratic capitalist society. They are also us, any of us who happen to fall through one of the gaping holes in the safety net.

Hamburger had an uphill battle persuading me of the common link. I have a prejudice against "On the Bowery"-style films and books that poke the scab until it bleeds again. There are problems with his reporting, too: he never says whether he lived at, or merely frequently

Clancy Sigal is the author of the novels Weekend in Dinlock *and* Going Away.

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visited, the hotel; he studiously ignores the connection—propinquity, if nothing else—between the S.R.O. people and the concerned liberals who have taken over the Upper West Side.

Finally, he isn't averse to rubbing our noses in the raw gore. Hamburger enters Room 408, where 60-year-old Arthur Moore sits slackly in a wheelchair: "Shock of rancid air seals my nostrils. I fight off nausea and breathe through my mouth. . . . Below the waist something terrible has happened. . . . One massy foot sprouts a tuberlike growth which might have been a toe. The other foot shows five toes, curled like fat red slugs."

Hamburger has a strong stomach for the piss, shit and vomit that, more than the mortar between the decaying bricks, seem to hold the Walden Hotel together. More important, he has patience, tolerance and a marvelous ability to ride over his disgust to a controlled, literary anger. He uses a simple structure—the four seasons—to talk about some very complicated people. Or rather, he wisely lets them speak for themselves via his tape recorder and notes. Inevitably, there are "stars" who have particularly dramatic stories. But even when we suspect these stories may not be strictly accurate, they have the ring of chilling truth.

Bobby and Doug Carman, brothers from a privileged background, show that you don't have to be born poor to end up on skid row. Bobby smashed himself up on dope and a Honda crash in northern Africa; Doug went crazy after watching his six-man mine-detecting squad get blown to pieces in Vietnam. Today, they are so bonded by pain and mutual torture that they're like Siamese twins who can hardly keep from murdering each other—and they try. David Torres, the unacknowledged brother of a well-known Puerto Rican radical, is so civic-minded—he's an unpaid but keen police auxiliary—that he murdered a drunken woman one night before the real cops got there. Another man wears his dead wife's dresses, in silent homage. And then there's Frankie and Candy Man and Yvonne. These are poverty people, grotesque and self-defeating and imploded with a terrible, unfocused rage—but, as Hamburger guides us through these lower depths on our doorstep, they are brilliantly alive.

Hamburger has what every reporter needs: a novelist's eye for the Devil's tail. There are lapses into "foine writing," but these are mercifully rare. Most of the time he records the almost daily deaths, falls, accidents, disappearances and blurred-over fights with tact. In several cases he "creates" magnificent characters. (It is a fiction that the nonfiction writer does not shape his material to his own inner vision.) I believe these people, and I believe Hamburger has reported them fair and square.

Muriel Berry, the "lost dowager," is one of his favorites. Dignified, articulate, epileptic (local maps cover the holes she's made in the wall during her seizures), she's a sort of New England Blanche Dubois, still mourning the fiancé who deserted her for a richer girl: "To this very day it mystifies me. Like a trick—everything is sort of vanishing. Like a beautiful dream or a nightmare. . . ."

My favorite, though, is a real bad dude, a Harlemite named Younglood. "I had to become one low-down-dirty-rotten-top-of-nasty-shit-motherfuckin-son-of-a-bitch," he boasts. "You can't take no lily-white cocksucker and stick him in the middle of the jungle. If he's gonna survive, he's got to get down there with all the animals

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cause, believe me, these zombies are gonna attack." An ex-barber, a pimp and a woman-beater ("Don't ask about affection. I ain't in love. I'm in love with business."), he is also a shrewd street-corner pundit. His wrap-up of the Carter campaign strikes me as fair and sound:

> "Look, who does Carter know? Who's anyone gonna know raisin peanuts an runnin Georgia down there in the South? He knows a few Georgia bankers who think they're somethin big and a few Navy men who mighta gone under the North Pole with him back in his submarine days. But he don't know the folks that count. . . . Four years, and he's still a backwoods number. He ain't never learned who he should be raggin with. See, in California they know all about raggin . . . and that's where Reagan learned his stuff."

Youngblood is a hardened pessimist. Like many Waldenites, he is eager to do down his best friends: "Who's makin em live like that? It ain't the buildin. It ain't Reagan—they don't know who's president. . . . They been in the jungle too long. No one's gonna change em now."

Maybe not. But as we continue to warehouse our unwanted eccentrics in the name of a spurious "community care," it's possible we may want to rethink the ecology of the rejected. It costs the state between $1,000 and $2,000 a month, Hamburger says, to keep someone in prison, and $3,000 a month to keep someone in a mental hospital. S.R.O. people get about $300 a month to live on. Superficially, then, S.R.O.s make good Reaganite sense.

Hamburger, to his everlasting credit, is trying to make another and more human kind of sense. □

FILMS.

ANNA SHAPIRO

The Hunger

It's an easy segue from the neon-lit and rock'n'roll-filled theater where I saw *The Hunger* into the movie itself. Luckily, the movie proved to be less like a disco than like a fashion show, and less like a fashion show than like the cool, stilted elegance of *Vogue*. Given that coolness, what is notable about *The Hunger* is that it draws you in at all.

But draw you in it does, as a horror movie must. Vampire movies have always had a certain elegance, the hero—and clearly he is a hero—dapper in tux, cape and patent-leather hair. *The Hunger* would seem to present a pair of vampires, but the twist is that the real vampire is the woman, for David Bowie gets pretty seedy and leaves the field to Catherine Deneuve. She is an inspired piece of casting: Deneuve always looks perfect and, like the undead themselves, doesn't age—how old *is* she? Aging is what this peculiarly sophisticated entertainment is about.

Susan Sarandon is a doctor studying what she would probably call "the aging process." She is Ms. Average Joe, or Jo, flappable and warm, and every word out of her mouth is banal. (The film has practically no dialogue: its first line, not spoken until the second scene, comes when a swinger holds up his glass and says, "No ice?") As contemporary as the rest of this this-minute movie, Sarandon is the requisite scientist-in-the-lab, but also—despite her live-in lover—the requisite sacrificial virgin.

As a metaphor, the vampire has always been a perfect image for illicit passion, any illicit passion, though its sexual overtones—all that sucking—are obvious. When the idea of illicit sex becomes a joke, the vampire becomes camp. The movie plays with this by telling its story from the vampires' point of view. You're rooting for them to get their "food"—when the film cuts from a bloody victim to a steak being sliced, you laugh; at that point there isn't much difference between the two. Well, if Catherine Deneuve told you she'd love you forever, and that never would you lose the charms of youth, or die, you'd want to be a vampire too.

But it turns out she was lying, as her lover of 200 years discovers to his horror. Here's beautiful David Bowie, in a matter of hours, *old*. He ages exquisitely, with gorgeous dignity—but even dignity can't save him from the grotesqueness of the last stages of decrepitude. The classic vampire story is a morality tale about sex; but in the rock-culture, youth-culture world of *The Hunger*, it is age, not sex, that is truly illicit.

Though *The Hunger* plays on fashionable topics from sex-role reversal to death and dying, and is itself resplendently stylish, it manages to be strangely touching. That it is so is a triumph of esthetic sensibility. When a police inspector visits the vampiric manse, a town house Henry Geldzahler and Mica Ertegun might covet, and remarks that New York City is a pretty awful place "except here," you wholeheartedly agree. Everything is so beautiful that you react to the signs of human aging as if you were seeing a Da Vinci

Anna Shapiro is a contributing editor to Saturday Review.

AFTER A VISIT

"The surest way to the center is through a maze,"
The guide was saying. A thread snapped, so.
Its pain outlasts the calm receding daze.

Foreplay, partita, the faint slurred phrase
From the deathbed, each a lucid vertigo . . .
The surest way to the center is through a maze.

Itself the object of its search, the soul strays
Homeward, daunted by all it used to know.
Its pain casts out a calm receding daze.

Reason's monster—bull-headed, overpraised—
Lifts himself up from the blood in the throat.
The surest way to the center is through that maze.

Can you remember the spiraling scar I raised
Before you flinched, and not wanting to let go
Its pain? Out past the calm receding days

Since, I've learned to love in random ways
You predicted then. They all answer now, though
The surest way to the center is still a maze
Where pain outlasts the calm receding daze.

J.D. McClatchy

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slashed or watching the waters of the Nile at Aswan wash over the miraculously preserved relics of ancient Egypt.

Catherine Deneuve has never been more beautiful, so there's never been more to wreck. In the black teddy she wears in her seduction scene with Sarandon, she makes the pared-down nakedness of thoroughly modern Susie look undernourished, just as Bowie makes muscles look vulgar. Not that you ever get to see anyone clearly. What with weird lighting, billowing drapes, cigarette smoke and mesh veils, each frame could be a photograph by Deborah Turbeville, making the vamps all the more desirably mythical and mysterious.

The picture is, however, a camp at the end. It does away with all the pseudo-Christian claptrap of stakes through the heart and crosses, though you might say Susie Doctor does give her life to save men's souls—or their unwrinkled skins, anyway. I won't give away what happens, but at one point she is panting after money to fund her research, and as a result of a blood bath involving a flock of vampires who look like the mud men of New Guinea, she gets it. If there's a moral it may be that in these days of budget cuts some people will do anything for a grant. □

THEATER.

RICHARD GILMAN

All's Well That Ends Well
Brighton Beach Memoirs

All's Well That Ends Well has always been considered one of Shakespeare's poorer plays, a "problem" comedy whose structural flaws and opacity of purpose have led to its being infrequently performed or even read. The Royal Shakespeare Company's current production, at the Martin Beck Theatre in New York City, is the victim of this received wisdom, for, predictably, nearly all the reviews have praised the company's work while indicating less than enthusiasm for the play itself. The result is that a scheduled sixteen-week run has been curtailed for lack of business.

Now the point about received wisdom is that there's truth in it all right, but incomplete or unexamined truth. *All's Well* does have problematic aspects and loose ends; it also has wonderful thematic and linguistic elements that make

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it not just playable but a delight when played well, as it is in this production.

Moreover, the play's chronological position—the exact date is uncertain but is thought to be 1602 or 1603—places it very near *Hamlet* and *Measure for Measure*, the first of which it resembles in a number of verbal and attitudinal ways, while the second is its larger "sister." For this and other reasons, *All's Well* has a darker side than the category "comedy" usually suggests. Startlingly modern in its concerns, its themes are the conflict between age and youth and the discrepancy between appearance—one's "name," rank and so on—and reality—one's virtue, what one is.

Ordinarily I'm put off, or worse, by updated Shakespeare, but this one works surprisingly well. Trevor Nunn has set the play in *fin de siècle* France and Italy (those are its original locales) and he and his designers have given it a most elegant mounting. The main set is a large, airy greenhouse; the costumes are crisp and even dazzling; the props—a wheelchair for the ailing king, an antique auto—don't feel anachronistic among the Shakespearean verse and ideas. And that verse is spoken by nearly every member of the cast with the special understanding American actors seldom possess.

Harriet Walter is a trifle uncertain as Helena, the young woman in quest of love and justice whom Coleridge called Shakespeare's "loveliest creation," and Philip Franks is somewhat too hectic as Bertram, the nobleman Helena wins after humbling his arrogance. But these are minor failures in a cast of exceptional skillfulness, among whom I might single out Margaret Tyzack as Bertram's mother, John Franklyn-Robbins as the king who befriends Helena, and Stephen Moore as Parolles, one of Shakespeare's great portraits of bluster and pretention, as his name indicates.

On a couple of occasions Nunn's penchant for special effects gets the better of him—for example, the smoke from a battle scene doesn't clear quickly enough and the next scene, which takes place at court, is played in a haze. But for the most part he and the R.S.C. give us strong reasons to be grateful for this *All's Well*—and to mourn its shortened run in this country.

Neil Simon has become such an institution, so central a presence in our popular theater, that a new play of his is perhaps best regarded simply as the latest manifestation of Simonism. He's a comedy machine, a steadily working printing press, and it's silly at this late date to want to *investigate* his plays, to offer thoughtful exegeses or lofty judgments from the standpoint of dramatic art. It should be clear by now that Simon writes sequences of gags and comic business in the guise of plays, and that his most ingratiating works keep the guise to a minimum and don't try to fuse Jack Benny with Chekhov or, a more likely source, Clifford Odets.

Brighton Beach Memoirs isn't very ingratiating. An autobiographical tale, its protagonist is the precocious young Simon (here named Eugene Jerome), shown growing up and honing his patter in 1930s Brooklyn. The first act contains the usual complement of more or less amusing episodes and funny lines (Didn't you ever have a wet dream?" "Yeah, but I slept through it."). But the second act turns serious. That is to say, Simon wants to be a *dramatist* and so devises some hokey stuff about family life in the Depression, the growing menace of fascism, intergenerational conflict and youth's awakening to sex. It's all obvious, derivative and flaccid, and it has the effect of driving from your memory the genuine humor that gave the earlier segments their moderate charm. □

COMING NEXT WEEK

Feminist Books Issue

Margo Jefferson on *Our Nig* • Ann Jones on the Politics of Sadomasochism • Karen Rosenberg on Russian Women • Todd Gitlin on Male Flight • Ann Snitow on Sexism in the Schools • Brina Caplan on Women in Scotland. Plus: Molly Haskell looks at Movie Dads • Barbara Quart reports from London.

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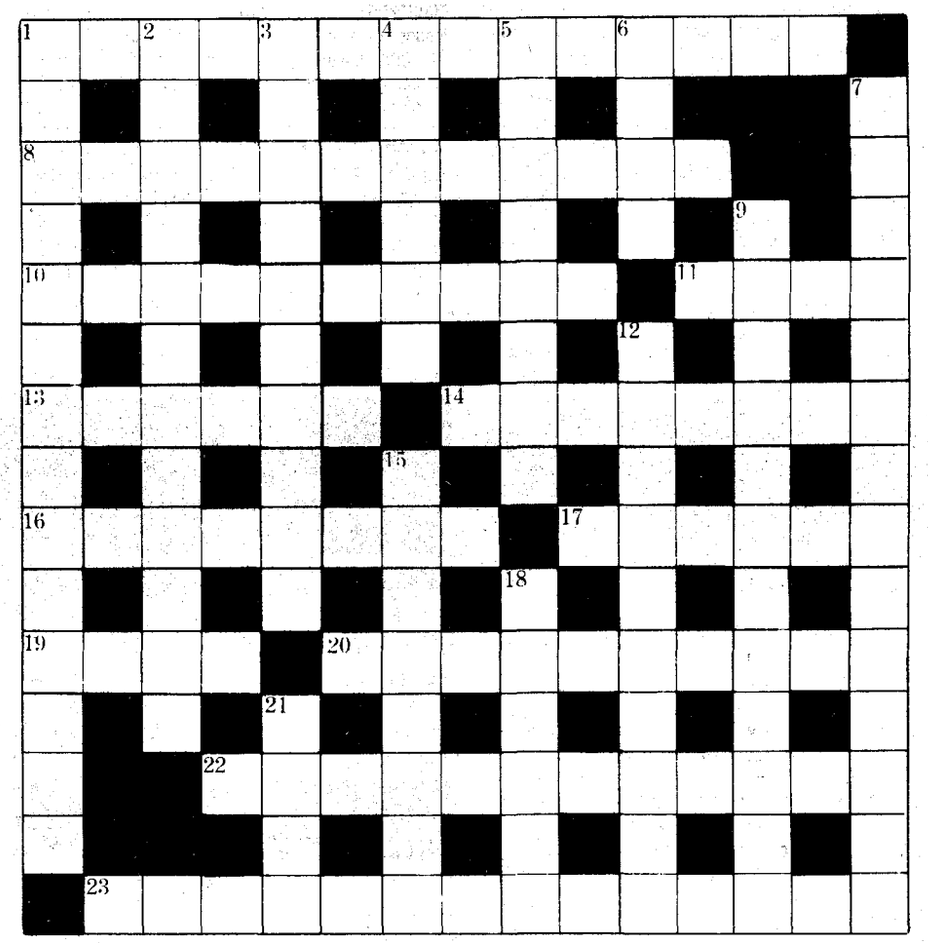
SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1962

C	L	E	A	N	A	S	A	W	H	I	S	T	L	E
O	■	N	■	O	■	A	■	O	■	N	■	H	■	Y
L	E	G	U	M	E	S	■	M	A	L	T	E	S	E
L	■	A	■	A	■	H	■	A	■	A	■	B	■	B
E	R	R	O	R	S	■	I	N	M	I	D	A	I	R
C	■	D	■	C	■	A	■	H	■	D	■	T	■	O
T	H	E	T	H	I	N	M	A	N	■	S	H	A	W
O	■	■	■	Y	■	N	■	T	■	C	■	■	■	T
N	O	O	N	■	F	O	R	E	S	H	A	D	O	W
E	■	R	■	A	■	D	■	R	■	R	■	E	■	E
S	I	D	E	S	H	O	W	■	T	O	F	F	E	E
W	■	E	■	S	■	M	■	S	■	M	■	L	■	Z
I	S	R	A	E	L	I	■	C	L	I	M	A	T	E
T	■	O	■	N	■	N	■	A	■	U	■	T	■	R
S	A	F	E	T	Y	I	N	N	U	M	B	E	R	S

Crossword Puzzle No. 1963

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Infernal? Better make it like a little devil! (6,8)
8 What you have to do to the President before the old bird is followed by Indians? (Most states don't now—some are held for life instead.) (12)
10 With not enough railroad tracks, it's emphasized! (10)
11 I get the run-around, but many might travel to see it. (4)
13 Be in Lubeck to describe it? How fortunate! (2,4)
14 Had a too fancy carriage, like the wings of an old plane, perhaps. (8)
16 From the Orient, it's set wrong in a period far back in time. (8)
17 Abnormal (not the most common form). (6)
19 Stalk an animal back here. (4)
20 With the head of state, New York returns to the dimensions suitable to combine elements of it. (10)
22 The Mountains of Spring, according to Copland. (12)
23 Belts familiar to old sailors. (Trades next door?) (5,9)

DOWN

1 What the President is supposed to keep? (One might be issued to the army.) (9,5)
2 Camp tumblers? Spotters might use them. (5,7)
3 That crazy guy from Georgia might be associated with ballet! (10)
4 Hot air product used in making incandescent mantles. (6)
5 Wheel rented en route. (The Russian type is dangerous.) (8)
6 A dangerous sort of *dies* for the noblest of Romans! (4)
7 They rank just below the queen. (Great big membership fees about the board game, too!) (5,9)
9 This times something, probably—and you can make it clip until mad! (12)
12 Marksmen do in the center quite often, but other athletes do it, too. (3,3,4)
15 Drama-dance? (Usually announced at home before the action begins.) (4,4)
18 Where to find the cobbler finally? (2,4)
21 Sacred bull of Pisa. (4)

SEE LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION AT LEFT

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